


The Virginian

1908





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THE VIRGINIAN

EDITED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OF THE
STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT

To

Miss Margaret Leigh Watkins
our trained nurse

who has stood by us in our need, and by her
noble example has taught us the best
lesson of service and patience
do we affectionately
dedicate this
volume
of

The Virginian





"The people here are much in awe of the Virginians in their former wars. We have found in walks of them something of the fiery and passionate old nation race. It is often very true that, after a happy season from the days spent here, it has come over the natives. We should be visiting further and learn the nothing new."

To all there who have listened to the good that has been said of us, we recommend George Washington.

We are deeply indebted to Mr. John H. Watkins for the pleasure he gave us, and to the kind friends for the beautiful day.

We remain sure we could not have gotten where we were without the Lady Jefferson. She, together with the other members of the committee from the faculty, Miss Watkins, Mr. Manning, and Miss Jackson, proved us really well served as well.

We all the afternoon girls were busy with their happy occupations, in the presence of the friends who gave us pleasure and made us feel at home, and the day is over, and we all wish that it could have been more in our hands, we must goodbye now. Thank you."







STAFF POEM

Of all the bands of school girls
That have ever been together,
Perhaps the staff of naughty-eight
Should brave the roughest weather.

For see, if you can find a crowd
With greater people in it;
Each one of them is hard to beat,—
Just stop and think a minute.




The greatest is a Davidson,
The Ed.-in-Chief her job is.
The Annual's work was scarce begun
Ere she began her hobbies.



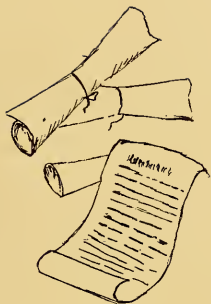
No matter what the questions were
At meetings we would call,
"Systematic and methodical
Please be," she'd say to all.

And though they didn't "Nidermaier"
They had one in their band;
To help them out of every ditch
Jess lent a ready hand.



The Business Ed. was more than good,
Ads. swiftly came each day, sir,
And so much money did she make—
Far more than they could "Spencer."





The cause of this strange circumstance
By all it is agreed
That everywhere that Mary went,
She had a worthy "Steed."

The Literary Ed. had work,
The hardest kind to face,
Though Beverly was often vexed
She always won with "Grace."

The artists were not hard to find,
Our school has not a few;
And things that others didn't draw
Were drawn by "Emmy Lou."



And Polly put the clubs in right.
To Ida the pictures are due;
And all the jokes you find within
Curle found them out on you.



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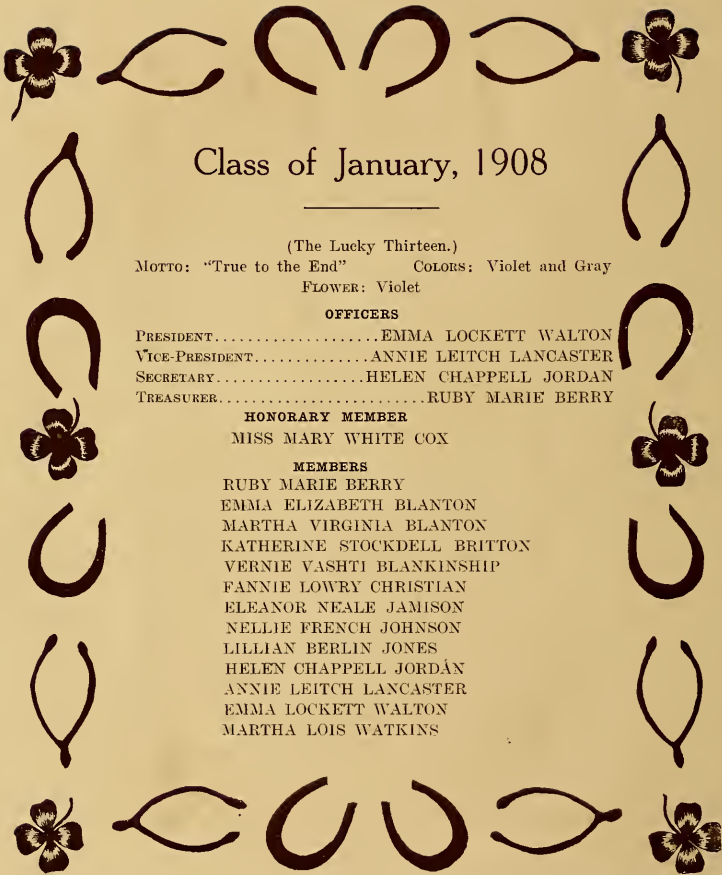
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Class of January, 1908

(The Lucky Thirteen.)

MOTTO: "True to the End" COLORS: Violet and Gray

FLOWER: Violet

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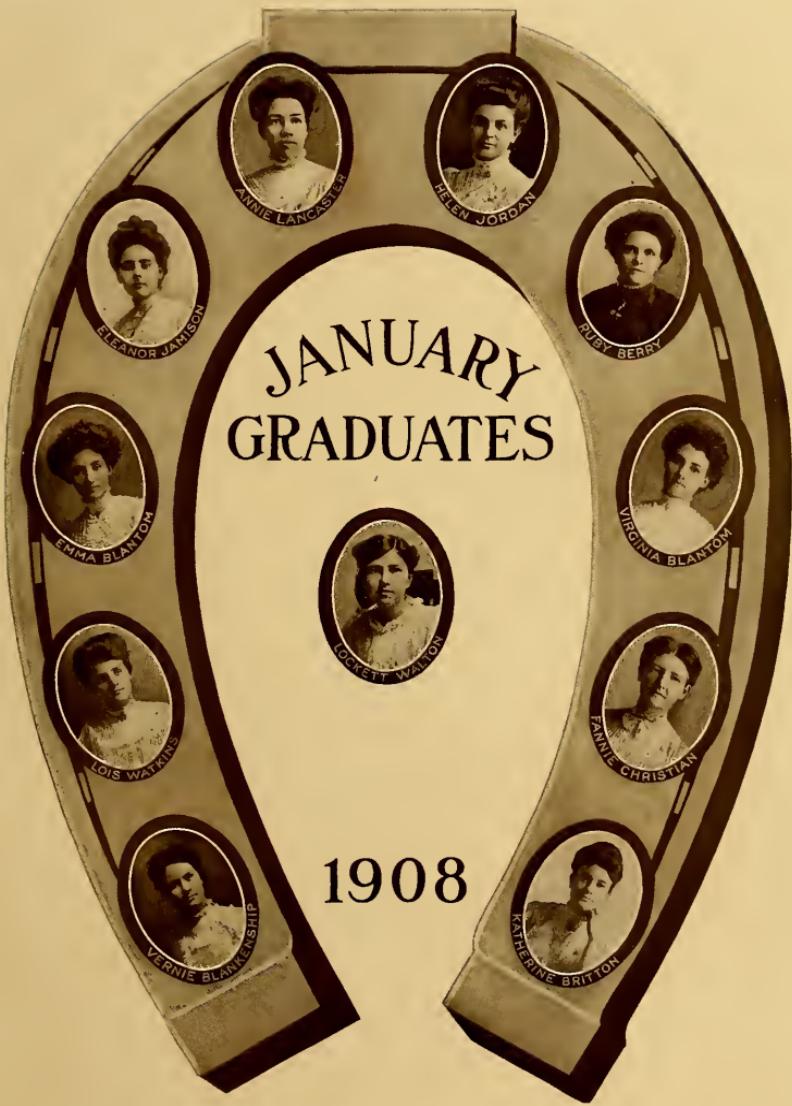
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MISS MARY WHITE COX

MEMBERS

RUBY MARIE BERRY
EMMA ELIZABETH BLANTON
MARTHA VIRGINIA BLANTON
KATHERINE STOCKDELL BRITTON
VERNIE VASHTI BLANKINSHIP
FANNIE LOWRY CHRISTIAN
ELEANOR NEALE JAMISON
NELLIE FRENCH JOHNSON
LILLIAN BERLIN JONES
HELEN CHAPPELL JORDAN
ANNIE LEITCH LANCASTER
EMMA LOCKETT WALTON
MARTHA LOIS WATKINS





JANUARY
GRADUATES

1908



CLASS SONG

[TUNE: "HEIDELBERG"]

Better than riches of worldly wealth,
Is this time so free from sadness;
Beaming with happiness, hope and health,
And warmed by blood so true;
But sweeter than honors we've won by work,
Are the days we gave to gladness;
So come, each true heart, before we part,
A toast to the white and blue.

CHORUS:

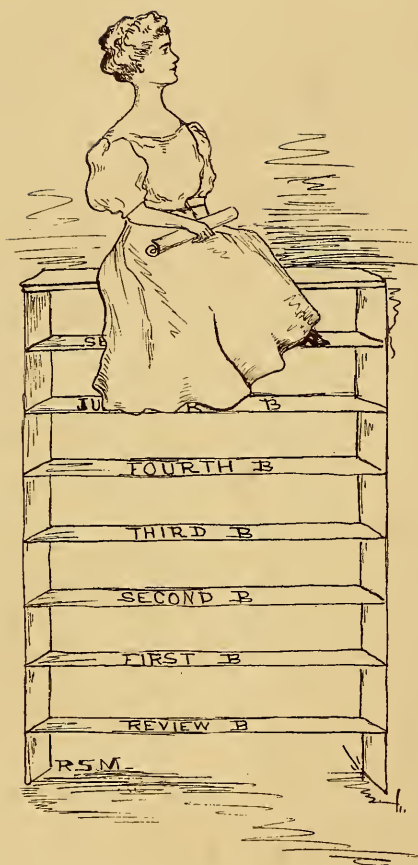
Here's to the school we dearly love,
Here's to the white and blue,
Here's to the girls all others above,
Here's to our teachers true;
Here's to our friends and dear school mates,
True as the stars above,
Here's to the class of naughty-eight.
Here's to the school we love.

Oh, S. N. S., dear S. N. S., thy girls will ne'er forget,
That golden haze of student days is round about us
yet.
Those days of yore will come no more;
But through our many years
The thought of you so good, so true.
Will fill our eyes with tears.



JUNE

Joel H. Watkins



Class of June, '08

MOTTO: "To the Highest"

COLORS: Old Rose and Gray

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

YELL: Boom-araka, boomaraka,
boomaraka-ree,

Hip zoo. rah zoo. who are we?

Rip-izip, rip-izip, rip-izip-zate,

Seniors, seniors, 1908.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT..... IMOGEN HUTTER

VICE-PRESIDENT..... BESSIE SAMPSON

SECRETARY..... GRACE BEALE

TREASURER..... CURLE PHILLIPS

HONORARY MEMBER

MR. J. CHESTER MATTOON





GRACE BEALE
VALEDICTORIAN



BEVERLY ANDREWS
SALUTATORIAN



Eugenia Beverly Andrews
Lynchburg
Virginia



Grace Isabel Beale
Williamsburg
Virginia



Mary Wallace Blanchard
Bristol
Virginia



Frances Thompson Brinkley,
Roanoke,
Virginia.



Mary Claire Burton
Lynchburg
Virginia



Rosa Blackford Caldwell,
Concord,
Virginia.



Grace Lovell Clements
Beaver Dam Mills
Virginia



Wirt Davidson
Jonesville
Virginia



Belle Sarah Duntton
Bird's Nest
Virginia.



Geraldine Fitzgerald
Danville
Virginia



Virginia McBlair Garrison
Norfolk.
Virginia



Anne Lenora Garrett
Cumberland
Virginia



Effie Myrtle Gruels
Wake
Virginia



Grace Nora Graham
Big Stone Gap
Virginia



Ida Viola Hassell
Newport News,
Virginia



Elizabeth Haynes
Penhook
Virginia.



Mary Pickett Horner
Lynchburg
Virginia



Bernice Howard
Delton
Virginia



Imogen Gordon Hutter.
Lynchburg
Virginia



Byrdie May Jones
Morrisville
Virginia



Mary Katherine Knott
Church Road
Virginia



Emily Lewelling
Hampton
Virginia.



Mollie Mauzy
Monterey
Virginia



Mabel Moran
Miller School
Virginia



Virginia L. Nelson
Scottsburg
Virginia



George Ward Newby
Alexandria
Virginia



Jessie Niedermayer
Poplar Hill
Virginia



Hattie Crote Paulett
Farmville
Virginia



Ida Curle Phillips
Hampton
Virginia



Mildred Turner Price
Billon's Mill
Virginia



Mary Brunfield Read
Lynchburg,
Virginia



Edith Rogers
Louvigston
Virginia



Maudie Morris Rowe
Hampton
Virginia



Bessie E. Sampson
Manchester
Virginia



Charlie Savage
Norfolk
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Sutherland
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Maggie Austin Taylor
Lynchburg.
Virginia.



Mary Louise Tucker.
Lynchburg
Virginia.



Mary Jennelle Watkins
Charlotte Court House
Virginia



Vedah May Watson
Darlington Heights
Virginia



Eva Lovelace White
New York City



Pearl Agnes Kingate
Fox,
Virginia

History of Class of June, 1908

WE knew too well what it meant when, on a bright September morning, we were awakened long before day, and we arose to find great lumps in our throats so that we tried in vain to speak, and tears filled our eyes as the only relief. We had been looking forward to "going off to school" for years,—all of the other "grown girls" had done it, and it had always been our highest ambition to do likewise. But now, the very day for us to leave home had come upon us, after all, with a sad realization.

We could not eat one mouthful of breakfast, and as the carriage drove up to the door even Father had tears in his eyes. Shall we ever forget the partings, and the farewell advice of loved ones offered as we got into the carriage and started off?

Then leaving Father at the station. . . . That horrid old train *never* went so rapidly before! We soon began to feel as if it were a dream, so we dried our eyes and became interested in the things that flew past the car window. We felt hungry and opened the box to eat some of the tempting lunch Mother had prepared for us, but we only dropped a few tears in the box, closed it, and did not feel hungry any longer.

After hours had passed, we found ourselves in the town of Farmville, and later in the State Female Normal School.

The incident most worthy of note during our first few days at the Normal School, was our first visit to the office. We were told at chapel to go to the President's office, which was just around the corner, opposite Miss Tabb's office. But what particular corner was meant, and who Miss Tabb was, and what office she held, were facts far beyond the limits of our meagre store of knowledge, so we just stood in the hall staring stupidly at everyone who passed, and feeling more awkward every minute. Very soon a sweetly smiling girl, known to us as a "White Ribbon Girl," came up to us, and, learning our trouble, kindly ushered us into the President's office, which was filled with other frightened persons like ourselves. There in the midst of it all was a man whom we afterwards knew as the president, sitting at the table with a cigar in his mouth, and calmly reading a paper. When we got near enough to speak to him we asked him twice if he wished to see us. Without looking up from the paper he said, very mechanically,

"Matriculate, please."

There we stood in utter amazement until another "White Ribbon Girl" came to our rescue, helped us to decide our age, class, etc., and fill out the blank on the table. Then she told us we had "matriculated" and we felt

satisfied,—and greatly enlightened! but before we had spent many months at the Normal School we learned to use with scholarly ease even greater words than “matriculate.”

In January we had a brilliant, new experience. How proud we felt when we held up our first ticket, which said, “This is to certify that Miss —— has passed on 1 A spelling!” We did not feel so proud of our ticket on arithmetic; we did not show it to any one, because it had one word too many on it.

Our first two years of school passed away as peacefully as might be expected. We had some ups and downs, but the worst was yet to come.

When we entered school for our third year we felt just a little disappointed to find that we were not the only Juniors in school, but that twice our number had arrived before us. These were high school graduates, who, of course, entered the Junior class. We soon made friends and got along beautifully with our new classmates, except that we could not see why they took only one term of history when we were required to take two, and they could not understand why we should get a full diploma when they received only a professional diploma.

Our Junior Class now numbered about forty-nine, and this year was filled with happiness, for the whole class was looking forward to the time when they would put on the dignified air, take up the “dearly loved and longed-for responsibilities of Seniors.”

Time passed rapidly and September, 1907, found us transformed into Seniors, with hair put up, a grown-up air assumed, our best clothes worn every day,—we at last stood within the sacred precincts of the West Wing! Shall we ever forget our first day in the training school? Did ever children ask so many questions? We had to be in forty places at the same time and answer a dozen questions in one breath. When the seemingly endless period was at a close, we rushed to our rooms and in a heated stage of excitement fell over on the bed and wept.

The close of our Senior A term was indeed trying, and we felt relieved when we got our first tickets on teaching, even if they did open the way for greater responsibilities and trials. They brought, also, greater privileges and pleasures.

Soon after we became Senior B's we organized our class, electing Imogen Hutter president, Bessie Sampson vice-president, Grace Beale secretary, and Curle Phillips treasurer. We were now ready to make ourselves known as the Senior Class of 1908, and we lost not a minute in claiming every prerogative supposed to belong to a Senior B.

My! What a noise we made going through the halls from our first Seminar meeting! If encountered by one in authority we would reply calmly

but triumphantly in those magic words which always seemed to satisfy. "We have been to Seminar."

One of the most heated discussions which ever came up in class meeting was the question of whether we should have an "Annual." This question was argued with wonderful animation, bringing out latent talent as debaters in some of our classmates. Every hot argument was answered by a hotter one from the antagonistic side, until the friction generated such intense heat in the room that our president was obliged to adjourn the class. This discussion came near causing a division of our little band, but when it was finally decided that we should have an "Annual," the whole class set to work to make it a success.

Our first class song was one which the committee arranged to the tune of "Sweet Marie." The chorus ran thus:

"S. N. S., can you guess, can you guess, S. N. S.,
Why we look on you with love and to bless?
Every hour we've spent with you
You have taught us to be true,
To our colors, white and blue, S. N. S."

We vigorously practiced this song one Monday night until the last bell had rung. The next morning the first thing we heard was these words coming from the throats of a half dozen inventive Juniors:

"S. N. S., you're a mess, you're a mess, S. N. S.,
And we look on you with dread, we confess.
Every hour we've spent with you
You have taught us to be blue,
And we hate the sight of you, S. N. S."

But why should this parody bother our heads, when the Senior Class possesses as honor girls such attractive and able girls as Grace Beale and Beverly Andrews?

The graduating class now stands upon the threshold of the undiscovered field of life; we have been endowed with high ideals, and have been presented noble and upright standards, and go now where the murmuring voices call us to take up our duties in the world, abiding always by our motto, "To the highest," step by step. We have had hardships and made many mistakes without which life would mean failure. But while we have had troubles, these have been far outnumbered by the joys and pleasures of our happy school days.

It is with a feeling of pleasure and reluctance that we leave our "Alma Mater" and taking a last, lingering look upon scenes around which cluster so many pleasant memories. As we look out through the misty darkness, before we start upon life's journey we turn to pay a parting tribute of love and respect to our dear "Alma Mater" who has untiringly guided our steps in the paths of duty and righteousness.

JESSIE NIDERMAIER.

TO THE HIGHEST

Long ago, in days of knighthood,
Every banner bore a thought
That would give the knight fresh courage
After vict'ries dearly bought.

So, we place on our life's banner
"To the highest," and we know
That 'twill make us conquerors
In the world, where'er we go.

Each alone, yet all together,
We shall strive for highest good,
Making all this old world better
By our noble womanhood.

Every weary, wayside trav'ler,
When he sees our purpose high
Shall break off the ties that bind him
Low to earth, and cast them by.

If a single comrade falter,
May there come a whisper low,
Saying, "Rest not, come yet higher,
Think not of the step below."

Ever onward, ever upward,
By the purest, noblest way!
We shall hold our motto dearer,
In the last, sweet hours of day.

When we pause, and, glancing backward,
All our varied journey view,
May we say in joyous accents,
"To our motto I've been true."

BESSIE E. SAMPSON.

SENIOR CLASS SONG—JUNE, 1908

[TUNE: "SWEET MARIE"]

I've a sorrow in my heart, S. N. S.,
For the time has come to part. Can you guess
Why we love to linger here,
Why these halls have grown so dear.
Why our thoughts stay ever near, S. N. S.?

CHORUS:

S. N. S., can you guess,
Can you guess, S. N. S.,
Why we look on you with love, and to bless
Every hour we've spent with you,
When you taught us to be true
To our colors, white and blue, S. N. S.?

You have taught us to be strong, S. N. S.,
You have tried us hard and long, we confess;
But though we have worked so hard,
Nothing can our joy retard,
When you give us our reward, S. N. S.

When the years have passed and gone, S. N. S.,
We shall love and serve you long, none the less,
If we live in distant lands,
For we'll feel love's golden bands
Draw us to the place where stands S. N. S.



The Prophecy of Mother Goose for 1908

NEVER before did I believe in witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, spirits or such things, nor did I ever expect to do so. But when one sees a spirit with one's own eyes, talks to it and hears it talk, there is nothing to do but believe. It happened this way:

One night, about the last of April, at our class meeting we were counting the days before June and talking of how sorry and how glad we should be when we finished. We agreed that it would be a good idea to return in 1918 and pay our Alma Mater a visit. Being of a naturally curious mind, long after we had left for our rooms I could not stop thinking of what we should be like if we did return again ten years from now. The year 1918 seemed indelibly imprinted on my tired brain and it could not be rubbed out. The more I thought, the more perplexed I became, for that lesson plan on "The Origin of Mother Goose and her Rhymes and Jingles" had to be handed in the next day, and I just could not worry over two things at the same time.

It was long past ten o'clock; the last bell had rung some time before, and with an umbrella placed over my light to keep it from shining through the transom, I was thinking. I heard a rap on the door and jumped to turn off the light, for I thought I had been caught; but I suddenly stood still to gaze at my intruder. Before me stood the familiar figure of none other than Mother Goose herself. Dear old soul! I was so glad to see her that I didn't stop to think of ghosts or anything of the kind, but simply bounded into her arms and told her my troubles.

She bade me be quiet, for my roommates were peacefully sleeping and might be disturbed, and with a merry twinkle in her eye, she placed her broom in the corner, sat down on the window-seat and told me all I had to know. Then came the most interesting part, for she told me what each one of us would be doing ten years from now, and she even knew our names and chief characteristics, judging from what she said.

"Imogen Hutter," she began, "will go to Cornell for three years and then will be president of a famous college in this State. She will never marry, being too much engaged with educational affairs to experiment with the frivolous.

"Your class will have a doctor and a lawyer in its number."

A doctor! I held my breath to listen to the names, for who in our class would ever aspire so high?

"Myrtle Grenels, while so ill, had much experience with physics and physicians, so after a short period of study she will be a famous M. D. Beverly will be a great lawyer, for she can argue well.

"Virginia Nelson, Jessie Nidermaier and Mildred Price love the Normal School so well that they will come back as members of the faculty. Mildred will assist Miss Rice with the Latin, Virginia will be teacher of history, and Jessie will expound psychological subjects. Jessie and Virginia, being tall of stature, will, in addition to their regular duties, take turns setting the hall clock.

"You have a singer in your class," she continued, "who will be famous for her wonderful voice in 1918. Mary Horner will be a prima donna, and have no rival.

"Ida Hassell, Frances Brinkley, and Mary Watkins will be the first to marry. In 1918 they will be happy and busy housewives.

"Hattie Paulett and Rosa Caldwell will have many 'dates' at Hampden-Sidney at the Finals. They will be at some seashore resort in 1918, recuperating after such strenuous society lives.

"Geraldine will marry a foreign missionary and live in China."

I laughed for I never imagined Geraldine in a foreign field doing missionary work.

"Your class artist, Mollie Manzy, will bring fame to your entire number. Bessie Sampson also, as the greatest poet of the twentieth century, will make you feel proud.

"The genius in your class is unparalleled. Wirt Davidson and Mary Read will become stage favorites, and in 1918 will appear in Farmville in the sparkling and vivacious comedy, 'The Lost Pleiad.'

"Virginia Garrison will, after a few years' teaching, become manager of the traveling car, 'Cuba on Wheels.' No doubt she will hasten to Farmville with her exhibit when your class meets, and if you go in a crowd, she will let you in for only five cents each.

"Your class spinsters, Nora Garrett, Pearl Wingate, Vedah Watson and Katie Knott will, like all others of that type, develop a great fondness for cats and parrots.

"Grace Beale, Curle Phillips and Eva White will work together and organize a Kindergarten Training School in connection with the Normal School at Fredericksburg.

"Claire Burton will study palmistry and be well versed in all the sciences

of fortune telling. At the Plymouth Rock Ter-Centennial Exposition in 1920, she will be the world-renowned palmist.

"Mary Blanchard will be coach in a school to help the children who come so late that they miss the first recitation. Don't expect her at your class meeting until the motion is made to adjourn. As usual, she will be late.

"Edith Rogers, Grace Clements and Grace Graham will found an Industrial School."

I wasn't surprised at that, for I know how fond they are of Manual Training, and how well they teach it.

"Mary Spencer and Georgie Newby will be most prominent club women.

"Mamye Rowe will be designer in a large costuming department in New York City."

I expected that, for Mamye always knows what is stylish.

"Maggie Taylor and Julia Spain will be prominent instructors in the Posse Institute. Maggie will teach Swedish Gymnastics and Julia will teach 'Kinesiology.'

"Mabel Moran will be principal in the Burkeville High School and Byrdie Jones will be supervisor of the Primary Department there.

"Elizabeth Haynes will be governess in a millionaire's family in Pittsburg. She will accompany them to Europe and capture a French duke.

"Karlie Savage will be a society girl for some seasons, and be leader of many social functions in Norfolk.

"Mary Lou Tucker will be secretary of the Y. W. C. A. She will make a talk here when your class meets in 1918.

"Helen Steed will have a position in the mint at Washington."

That suits her exactly, I thought, for Helen always loves to count money.

"Bernice Howard," she concluded, "will be a successful trained nurse."

Then, before I had time to wink, she vanished, without speaking a word of what I shall be doing ten years hence. I rubbed my eyes—ran after her—called to her,—but she was gone! So successfully had she helped me out of my trouble, however, that I willingly forgave her for leaving my own future still an unsolved mystery.

EMILY LEWELLING, *Prophet.*

TOASTS

Here's to the Seniors of naughty-eight.
To the class which is the best.
We fill our cups to the graduates.
The Seniors of S. N. S.

Here's to the dear old S. N. S.!
Of all the schools she is the best.
Here's to her colors, the white and the blue!
To our dear old Normal, we'll ever be true.

Here's to our faculty, strong and true,
Unto their efforts praise be due!
They quicken our wits, and sharpen our speech—
That is, until we're out of their reach.

Whether late or whether soon,
At midnight, morning, or at noon,
We'll lift our glasses, clear and cool,
To him we toast!
To him we boast!
The President of our school!



MARY PURNELL DU PUY
WRITER OF PRIZE STORY

My Lady of the Candle



IS the yellow candle in the carved brass holder which gives a charm to my room—my honest, bare, long-suffering room. 'Tis to this little candle I turn when I have come with more than usual force against the corners of the world. When I wish to heal the hurts of the day, and put into my hard work-a-day heart one touch of romance, I light my candle in its polished holder. I light it with a taper, always, for I would not profane its old-worldness with aught else. Then, when the odious city lights are shut off, from without and within, I dream in its rays.

It is the delicacy, the indefiniteness of it, that gives me little thrills of pleasure as no other light does. There is witchery, mockery, mystery; smiles and tears, youth and joy, love and sorrow, in its mellow glow. It recalls old memories, old friends, old romances. Of all the visions that come within its circle of light, and of all the stories it recalls, I love best a simple little tale of love and roses and Old France.

As I sit with eyes half closed, the gray castle beside the river in Old France comes before me. My glance wanders to an upper window, where glows a small spot of light. I see an old friend, for there is the same quaint French candlestick, sitting on the casement of the window, where its mistress placed it, as she came from the dining hall below, to be free of the noise and glamour. In the balcony outside where the breeze from the river was fresh, and the fragrance of the flowers keener, stood the lady.

Far down the stream on the other bank looms the cruel prison, where strong, true-hearted men suffered for conscience' sake. The heart of the dainty lady was ever in sympathy with them, though they differed from her own and her country's faith.

As she listened this night to the murmuring leaves and softly running waters, a new note struck her ear, a note of depth and feeling, the prelude of a song, full of beauty and pathos. It was wailing and plaintive, but so sweet and full of melody, that the eager listener leaned forward, tense and breathless, until it died away in a trembling, heart-breaking tone. After an instant, down the stream went an answer from the Lady of the Candle, for she also was golden-throated. The tender ballad she sang breathed sympathy and hope. The song ended and the candle flickered out, but the Lady remained still and wondering, until the morning chill aroused her.

Night after night at the same hour she heard the wonderful voice, and always she answered from the balcony, with the candlelight softly glowing about her.

At last the minor wail died out of the singer's voice, and his song became a tender strain of unfathomable love and longing. The weariness and distress disappeared, while faith and resolution grew strong. The Lady did not know that she was the cause of this, and that her answering song had nightly brought balm and healing to the restless, sore heart.

She could learn nothing of the sweet singer by day, nor dared to try, for had she mentioned it, not even the song would be left her. So, patiently through the day, she would sing over her flowers or her spinning, as delicate and fair as the blossoms.

One night as the chill of fall began, the glorious voice was silent. Earnestly she listened and strained her ear to catch each breath of sound, but only the creaking of the limbs in the forest broke the stillness. It was as if a dear friend were gone and she shuddered at the sense of loneliness upon her. In the latticed window, the candle—burning dimly—kept guard, as its Lady fell asleep weeping.

For three nights she let it burn there, hoping it might carry a message where her voice could not reach. Then suddenly the voice came again,—under the window, and the Lady answered—softly, joyfully. But the singer gave a note of warning, as does a bird, and then sang on as might any wandering minstrel, who stopped under a window and sang for bread. But this one was singing of escape and hiding, and at last of tracing the Lady's window by the candle. Then in a wondrous outburst of song, it told of undying devotion to the unknown Lady of the Candle. Ne'er did poet-lover plead his cause so well or in words more beautiful.

Unable longer to deny herself the sight of his face, she snatched the burning candle and hastened down the long stone stairs to the castle door, still unbolted, for the night's revels were not over. Swiftly she beckoned and drew him in, and, without stopping to look into his face, she hastened up the winding stair; at the top, safety and light awaited, for a while at least. But already, as they turned, heavy military steps began to descend, straight upon them. There was no going forward, no retreat. He snatched the candle from the Lady's trembling hand, and thrust it under his cloak, while they crouched back in the shadow.

A half-drunken soldier stumbled against her. She darted past them, up the stairs into her room. Of the fate of her musician she could learn nothing.

but as day began to break she heard far-off, faint strains of music, and knew he was singing his farewell to his Lady. In the morning the candlestick lay under her window.

The summer roses bloomed and faded for many seasons in Old France, while the fair Lady tended them carefully. She alone was mistress of the castle now, and, though faded as the roses, she was still more beautiful. She stayed among them constantly, and refused ever to leave home for a night, for the candle must always be lighted in the high casement window. Never since that unhappy night years before had it been neglected. Each night she stood in the balcony outside where the light shone full upon her, and poured out her heart in marvelous singing, till the country folk about learned to love it, and listen for "Our Lady of the Candle."

But finally when the heart of the roses began to shatter, her heart seemed to wither, too, and her frail body to fail. Through nights of greatest pain and anguish when she could no longer sing, she commanded the candle to be lighted, though none knew why. At last every puff of air seemed to carry away a little more strength, and leave a little less hope and courage. At her request they carried her out to the balcony, where the breeze blew up from the river.

It blew to-night as it had blown many, many nights ago, and once again it bore a song-message to the Lady. Almost too weak to answer, she gave a heart-rending cry of joy, for it was the voice of her wandering singer, whose face she had never seen, come back, after many years, to claim his Lady of the Candle.

How came the candle mine? Does it not seem natural that my great-great-granddame's youngest descendant should have it? So I sit and dream in the candlelight, with its ever changing, ever constant reminder of old world stories.

MARY PURNELL DU PUY.





CLASS OF JANUARY, 1909



Class of January, 1909

MOTTO: "Stop not till thou hast topped the hill"

FLOWER: Lily of the Valley

COLORS: Green and White

OFFICERS

MARTHA BLANTON.....	PRESIDENT
HAPPY WILDER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHERINE PENNYBACKER.....	SECRETARY
GERALDINE GRAHAM.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

BERTHA ANDERSON	BLANCHE NIDERMAIER
MARTHA BLANTON	KATHERINE PENNYBACKER
MINNIE BLANTON	KATHERINE PERRY
MILDRED DAVIS	LUCY ROBINS
GERALDINE GRAHAM	SUSAN STONE
ISABELLE HARRISON	GRAHAM TRENT
ANTOINETTE NIDERMAIER	HAPPY WILDEP



TRAINING



SCHOOL



C. W. Mugg



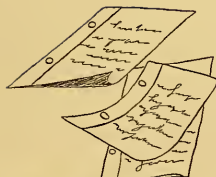


THE WEST WING

This, you must know, is the West Wing.



These are the lads and lassies gay
That are taught in the class rooms every day
That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.



These are the plans that show the way
To teach the lads and lassies gay
That are taught in the class rooms every day
That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.



These are the Seniors, B and A,
That write the plans that show the way
To teach the lads and lassies gay
That are taught in the class rooms every day
That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.





These are the note books that convey
"Suggestions" to Seniors, B and A.
That write the plans that show the way
To teach the lads and lassies gay
That are taught in the class rooms every day
That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.



These are the Snpervisors, with a way
Of writing suggestions that often dismay
The hearts of the Seniors, B and A,
That write the plans that show the way
To teach the lads and lassies gay
That are taught in the class rooms every day
That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.



These are the "Heads" that many a day
Observe in the supervising way,
And they criticise, too, and fear convey
To the hearts of the Seniors, B and A,
That write the plans that show the way
To teach the lads and lassies gay
That are taught in the class rooms every day
That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.



This is the Director who may delay,
 But certain as fate will come some day
 And observe in the supervising way,
 But he says very little to bring dismay
 To the hearts of the Seniors, B and A,
 That write the plans that show the way
 To teach the lads and lassies gay
 That are taught in the class rooms every day
 That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.



This is our President, happy and gay,
 Who also has something pleasant to say.
 He seldom observes in the critical way,
 Though sometimes he does bring great dismay
 To the hearts of the Seniors, B and A,
 That write the plans that show the way
 To teach the lads and lassies gay
 That are taught in the class rooms every day
 That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.



These are the diplomas, on the last day
 Given to the Senior B's as pay,
 By our President, happy and gay;
 When those, with the supervising way,
 No longer are able to bring dismay
 To the hearts of the Seniors, B and A,
 That write the plans that show the way
 To teach the lads and lassies gay
 That are taught in the class rooms every day
 That lie, as you know, in the West Wing.



SCENES IN THE KINDERGARTEN



Class of June, 1909

MOTTO: "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come"

COLORS: Lavender and Gold

FLOWER: Pansy

OFFICERS

JOSEPHINE HULL KELLY.....	PRESIDENT
FLORENCE RAWLINGS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY PURNELL DUPUY.....	SECRETARY
BETTY C. WRIGHT.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

FLORENCE ACREE
MARGARET ANDERSON
CAMILLA B. BEDINGER
GLADYS BELL
GRACE E. BENDALL
VIRGINIA BENNETT
CLARICE BERSCH
ANNIE BIGOOD
LILLIAN BEVERLY BLAND
CARRIE H. BLISS
NELLIE BOATWRIGHT
ETHEL BROWN
MARGARET BROWN
LIZZIE CALDWELL
ALICE CARTER
CARRIE CARUTHERS
HALLIE BRYARLY CHRISMAN
FLORENCE CLAYTON
JENNIE CLUYERUS
HATTIE COX
MERLE CRITTENDEN

ALICE DAVIS
KYLE DAVIS
MARGARET MORTON DAVIS
SUDIE DAVIS
LILLIAN DELP
IDA DIEDRICH
MARY PURNELL DU PUY
SALLIE TAZEWELL FITZGERALD
ISABELLE FLOURNOY
MATTIE B. FRETWELL
*KATE FULTON
BLANCHE GENTRY
EVELYN HAMNER
CHESS HARDBARGER
MARTHA HOY
MABEL CLAIRE HURT
MAMIE JONES
JOSEPHINE KELLY
RUTH KIZER
ETHEL LA BOYTEAUX
CASSIE LAIRD

ETHEL MILLS
LILLIAN MINOR
WINNIE PARSONS
ANNIE PATTERSON
VIRGINIA PAULETT
MARY PERKINS
MABEL PETERSON
MARY PIERCE
FLORENCE RAWLINGS
MARY JOSEPHINE REED
MILDRED RICHARDSON
BLANCHE RICKS
ETHEL SANDIDGE
SUSIE SHELTON
NELLIE SMITH
MAUD SOUTHALE
MARY M. STEPHENS
FRANCES STONER
LUCY WARBURTON
BETTY C. WRIGHT
MABEL WOODSON

*Deceased.



CLASS OF JUNE, 1909

TOASTS

Here's to the Juniors of S. N. S.!

They're reckless and mischievous some;
But they're true to their motto, nevertheless:
"Cheer up, for the worst is yet to come!"

We raise our cups to the Normal bell,
And toast it loud and long;
Far sweeter is its deep-toned knell
Than the clang of the old-time gong.

Here's to the midnight feasts which brought
Such laughter, frolic and fun;
But you'll have to be careful or you'll get caught,
And then you'll have to run!

Here's to the first blade of grass to appear
On the college campus for many a year!
Long may the blades continue to grow,
And cover completely the campus, you know!



ELEMENTARY PROFESSIONAL CLASS, JUNE, 1908



Elementary Professional Class, June, 1908

Motto: "Watch!"

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

COLORS: Old Gold and Black

OFFICERS

MARGARET HARRISON.....	PRESIDENT
ELLEN RIVES.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARIETTA KING.....	SECRETARY
PEARL MATTHEWS.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

JENNIE BAILEY
 OPHELIA BRAY
 PEACHY BROWNLEY
 MARSHALL BUCKNER
 BELLE BURKE
 PEARL CLARK
 ELVA DAVIES
 MABEL FOSTER
 MARGARET HARRISON
 LELIA HATCHER
 MAE HESSE

MARY HISCOCK
 MARIAM JONES
 MARIETTA KING
 OTTIE LEFTWICH
 PEARL MATTHEWS
 RUBY MILLER
 EDITH MINOR
 ELLEN RIVES
 FRANCES SADLER
 IDA SCOTT
 MILDRED TUCKER

WHITE VIOLETS

Last evening, the spring, breathing sweetly,
 Stood blushing just outside the portal;
This morning she entered completely,
 With gifts from her storehouse immortal.

The pasture, far down by the river,
 Where bird calls and bells intermingle,
Shows signs of a bountiful Giver—
 White violets, clustered and single.

Like tiny truce flags, they're uplifting,
 "Peace," say they, "the winter is over.
Where snow flakes have fluttered and drifted
 The fields shall be covered with clover."

And so, for the life stilled by sorrow,
 Comes sometime a waking and knowing;
At last dawns a fairer to-morrow,
 With dainty white violets blowing.

Then let us accept Nature's token
 (Her promise she never forgets),
Sorrow's spell, just as winter's broken,
 Joy returns with the white violets.

BESSIE SAMPSON.



LUCY STROTHER
ALMA MATER'S FIRST GRANDCHILD



CLASS OF JUNE, 1910



Class of June, 1910

MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera*

COLORS: Old Gold and Blue

FLOWER: Forget-me-Not

OFFICERS

RUTH REDD.....	PRESIDENT
ELLIE NELSON	VICE-PRESIDENT
BESSIE PAULETT.....	SECRETARY
CORA BROOKING.....	TREASURER

MEMBERS

OLA ABBITT
FLORENCE ACREE
KATHLEEN BALDWIN
NANNIE BENNETT
CORA BROOKING
MARY BROOKING
AGNES BURGER
MARY BURTON
GEORGIE CREEKMORE
ALICE GRANDY
AVA HASKINS
EVA WALTERS

CHARLEY JONES
HESTER JONES
RICHIE McCRAW
LILA McGEHEE
MAE HUDSON
MARY MOON
VIDA MURFEE
OLIVE MYERS
ELLIE NELSON
BESSIE PAULETT
JULIA PAULETT

REBEKAH PECK
HELEN POTTS
EUGENIA READER
MARY PAXTON
RUTH REDD
KATHLEEN SAVILLE
JUDITH SAVILLE
CATHERINE TAYLOR
MARJORIE THOMPSON
MARY TURPIN
NANCY WALKUP
MARGARET WHITE

LIMERICKS

There was a nice gem'man named Joe,
And everywhere he would go.
His little dog Gyp
Would follow, flip, flip,
For he loved the man dearly, you know.

There is a dread place, Study Hall,
To which girls who are paying a call
When they should be in bed,
Or at learning instead,
Are sent, though they holler and bawl.

They wished for a bell at this school,
And gladly they welcomed its rule;
But, oh, now they sigh,
Stop their ears up and cry,
"I wish it were drowned in a pool."

A maid whom we call Mary White,
The dining-room door holds tight,
Alas for the late,
And their pitiable fate!
"Did they get any breakfast?" "Not quite!"

A maiden was putting on airs,
She slipped and fell down the stairs.
When asked, "Are you hurt?"
She answered quite pert,
"Oh, no, but just look at my hairs!"

High up at the window I saw
A girl with a magnified jaw.
"What makes those big bumps?"
"Why, she has the mumps,
And takes all her food through a straw."

"Oh, isn't she cute!" the girls cry.
"I'm crazy about her." "So'm I."
They make awful faces,
If you look at their cases,
When wandering aimlessly by.

"What's that! A new Easter bonnet?
An umbrella with nosegays upon it!"
But, dear, don't you smile,
For if you're in style,
You'll get one yourself and you'll don it.

The Normal School Pitcher Brigade
Went out on the hall to parade,
You may say it was fun
To have such a run,
But, oh! what a racket it made.

A person who calls himself Jones,
Of the Seniors has caused many groans,
For he gave his permission
Without a condition,
To the Juniors to pick them to bones.

Some maidens once sat down to write.
They scribbled far into the night.
They tried to make wit,
But they missed it a bit,
As you see by the foregoing sight.



CLASS OF JUNE, 1911

STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL

PROGRAM OF STUDIES

NAME Normalita

APPROVED A. Divinity

TOTAL NUMBER OF PERIODS 54 CLASS 2 B

DATE January 29, 08

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	Saturday
8:10-9:00			Chapel	Service		Soul
9:00-9:45	Composition	Study	Composition	Read	Composition	Class up
9:45-10:30	History	Spoon	History	Mr. William	History	Shop
10:30-10:45			Recess			"
10:45-11:30	Geometry	Caesar	Geom	Geom	Caesar	Geom
11:30-12:15	Study	Hymn	Talk	Caesar	Hymn	Study
12:15-1:00	Music	Comer. Lit.	Music	Comer. Lit.	Comer. Lit.	Min. Study
1:00-2:15	Spoon (dessert)		Dinner		(dessert)	
2:15-3:00	French	William	French	Sleep	French	Sleep
3:00-3:45	Eat	Om. Music	Walk	Eat	Om. Music	Wake up
3:45-4:30	Walk	Walk	"	Walk	Rest	Think
			4:45-6:00	Lit. Society	5:00-6:00	G. W. R.
				8:00-10:00	Callor	

Class of June, 1911

MOTTO: "Take Things as They Come"

FLOWER: Buttercup

COLORS: Olive Green and Gold

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	VIRGINIA TINSLEY
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	RUTH SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....	PATTIE MAUZY
TREASURER.....	GEORGIA SINCLAIR

MEMBERS

MARY ANDERSON
 CARRIE ANDERSON
 GLADYS ARTHUR
 MAGGIE ARTHUR
 BERRIE BRUCE
 PHEBE BRUGH
 PEARL BOWYER
 MAMIE BALDWIN
 ESTELLE BINNS
 ABBIE CONDUFF
 ISABELLE DUNLAP
 SALLIE DRINKARD
 PATTIE EPES
 LENA EARMON
 MARY FITZGERALD
 LOUISE FORD
 MISSOURI FITCHETT
 FLORA FITCHETT
 FLORENCE GARBEE
 MAGGIE GILLIAM
 LENA GILLIAM
 MARY GWALTNEY

VIVIAN GWALTNEY
 LAURA HOMES
 EMMA HARRISON
 MARY HARPER
 HELEN HAIGHT
 ELIZABETH HAIGHT
 NELLIE JOHNSTON
 MARY JONES
 BESSIE GREY JONES
 BESSIE GORDON JONES
 LUCY KABLER
 SARAH LILLY
 EDITH LANE
 MAY MOORE
 CAROLINE McCRAW
 MYRTLE MURPHY
 MARY MOWBRAY
 PATTIE MAUZY
 VIRGINIA NETHERLAND
 FLORENCE OBENSHAIN
 IRMA PHILLIPS

VIRGINIA PERROW
 NORMA ROSE
 RUTH RICE
 SUSIE ROBERTS
 KATHERINE RICHESON
 LUCY STROTHER
 LUCY SEGAR
 LILLIAN SIMMONS
 LETTIE SHAFFER
 ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
 CLARA SNELL
 GEORGIA SINCLAIR
 RUTH SHEPARD
 BLANCHE SHEPARD
 SARAH STUART
 MYRTLE TOWNES
 VIRGINIA TINSLEY
 FLOSSIE THORNTON
 LUCIE TERRELL
 RUTH WATTS
 CASSIE WHITE
 SADIE ZEHRER

ODE TO FRIDAY NIGHT

Come, glorious night, we long and wait for thee.
Come, hours so empty of all work and care.
When mirth doth rise to high degree.
As comrades meet and greet on hall and stair.
Thy happy charm no warning study bell
Doth break to call us from our talk away;
But we may stroll around quite aimlessly.
Else we may dance—or tell
Fair secrets that bear not the light of day.
O Friday night! all good things come with thee!

Proverbs

A soft answer—from the one next to the girl called on—turneth away the wrath of the teacher.

Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for to-morrow may find thee in the Study Hall.

Better the day, better the feed.

"A miss is as good as a mile"—and a kiss (from your case) better than a smile.

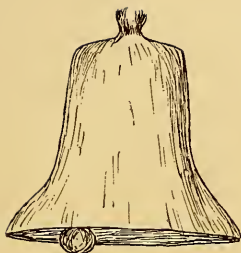
Both a borrower and a lender be.

Normaliteness is to do and say the normal things in a normal way.

Late to bed and late to rise,

And if you're not caught, you surely are wise.

Uneasy lies the head that next day will wear curls.



THE "BELLE" OF THE NORMAL

Ring out, new bell, to the smiling sky!
 Ring out, our friend of iron throat!
 We stop to mark your warning note,
 And think, "How quickly time doth fly!"

Ring out, new bell, at early dawn.
 Ring out again at breakfast time;
 And yet again, in tones sublime,
 Call us to chapel in the morn.

Ring out again at dinner hour;
 And later, as the hills we roam,
 Say, "Think of supper; hurry home."
 Gather us in with voice of power.

Ring thrice again—at study hour.
 Once more, to warn, at ten to ten;
 There! Last call! dropping books and pen,
 Lights off—we creep to our fairy bower.
 Good night "old" new bell!





CLASS OF JUNE, 1912



Class of June, 1912

Motto: "Great afflictions await us"

COLORS: Brown and Gold

FLOWER: Brown-eyed Susan

OFFICERS

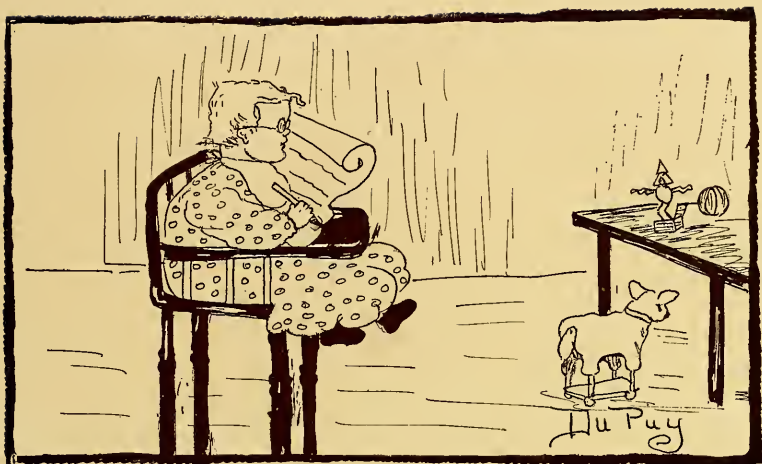
PRESIDENT.....	ALINE GLEAVES
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	GRACE FREEMAN
SECRETARY.....	ANNE TAYLOR COLE
TREASURER.....	BESSIE PRICE

MEMBERS

STELLA ABBITT	AGNES GARRETT	PRINCE LASHLY	LILLIAN RICE
PEARL ANGLEA	ALINE GLEAVES	SUSIE LEE	MAUD ROGERS
LELIA ANKERS	LOGAN GILLIAM	LULA LEE	RENA SHORTT
ROSA ASHWORTH	BLANCHE GRUBBS	SUSIE LIGON	BETTIE GAY SMITH
KEZIA A. BAIRD	PAT HANNAH	ELIZA MOORE	VILLA SPENCER
THELMA BLANTON	JANIE HARWOOD	DAISY MOSS	ANNIE LAURIE STONE
LUCY BOXLEY	ALMA HARPER	MARY NICOL	FLORENCE STEVENSON
BEULAH BRAY	IRMA HARRIS	CARRIE NUNNELLY	EVELYN STILL
VIRGILIA BUGG	VIOLET HARRIS	FANNIE PRICE	EOLINE THOMAS
LOULA QUESSENBERRY	LIZZIE HAWTHORNE	MAMIE PULTZ	MARY TRAYLOR
ANNIE CHEATHAM	MARGARET HARDY	BESSIE PRICE	NINA WALTMAN
HATTIE COPENHAVER	LUCY HEATH	TRENT PRATT	ROBERTA WALLER
BESSIE COOPER	LUCY HINER	SUSIE POWELL	JOSIE WARREN
ANNE TAYLOR COLE	ESTELLE HUBBARD	NANNIE RANSOM	CLEM WARRINER
ESTHER DAVIS	LENA JENNINGS	MABEL READER	MAE WILLIAMS
FRANCES DAVIS	SUSIE JONES	CELESTE RICHARDSON	LILLIAN WILSON
CASSIE DU VAL	MADIE LARUE	MARY ROBERTSON	MATTIE WYCHE



CLASS OF JUNE, 1913



Class of June, 1913

Motto: "We paddle our own canoe"

COLORS: Lavender and White

FLOWER: White Carnation

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	EVA ANDERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	ANNA JERDONE
SECRETARY.....	EVELYN GREY
TREASURER.....	MARY BAILEY

MEMBERS

EVA ANDERSON
MARY BAILEY
MARY BARSTOW
LOTTIE BRUCE
LOLA BULL
ANNIE CARTER
MARY GAY
EVELYN GREY
FRANCES HARVEY

ANNA JERDONE
STELLA JONES
MATTIE MINOR
ADA ROGERS
RITA SEALE
MARY SHORTER
MYRTLE SPANGLER
SALLIE WATTS
BERTHA WHITACRE



The Athletic Association

PRESIDENT.....	VIRGINIA GARRISON
SECRETARY.....	WIRT DAVIDSON
TREASURER.....	VIRGINIA NELSON
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT—CHAIRMAN OF BASKET-BALL.....	VIRGINIA TINSLEY
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT—CHAIRMAN OF TENNIS.....	CURLE PHILLIPS



ATHLETICS

Athletics! what a catchy name,
To signify 'most every game
Wherein our youth are wont to sport,
And capers cut of every sort.

There's basket-ball, a lively game,
A sport, I ween, that's nowise tame.
It should be played upon the campus,
But in a narrow "gym." they cramp us.

At times a mass of arms and feet.
Upon the floor in battle's heat
Will squirm about like worms, for all
Are trying hard to get the ball.

And so they struggle to and fro.
Till some fair damsel gets a show
Into the net to toss the ball,
Then yells resound from wall to wall.

Point after point the game is fought,
Till victory's gained, tho' dearly bought.
The winning team in "Annual" space
Has won the right to show its face.

Nor is this game the only sport:
We have a noble tennis court,
Whereon the girls are wont to play
That dear old game we call croquet.

Gymnastics holds a valued place
With us, as well as any race;
The form it takes is no concern,
As you, no doubt, will shortly learn.

On Friday nights we dance with glee
To exercise our feet, you see.
At half past nine, 'most every night,
We exercise our tongues a sight.

Around the campus for a walk,
While much engrossed in lively talk,
With deathlike grip upon each neck,
We exercise our arms a speck.

We have recourse to Gilliam's store,
At which we visit o'er and o'er.
With calm intent each purse we rifle
To exercise our jaws a trifle.

We exercise, 'mid all our woes,
To get into each other's clothes.
We exercise our brains, so wary,
To steal a march upon Miss Carey.

For when 'tis time to douse the light,
We run to keep clear out of sight,
In order that a midnight spread,
Does not proclaim we're not in bed.

This gives us exercise enough
To make the muscles very tough
For running, jumping, climbing stairs,
Before each one has said her prayers.

Our lungs receive their goodly share
Of exercise, with some to spare,
In yells, class songs and loud guffaws,
When e'er there is the slightest cause.

We skate in Winter, shoot the bow;
We do 'most everytbing we know
To make athletics earn its name
In S. N. S. of stately fame.

J. C. MATTOON.

“The Greens”

The Champion Basket-Ball Team of '08

MOTTO: “Play High”

COLOR: Green

CAPTAIN.....	VIRGINIA TINSLEY
RIGHT FORWARD.....	ALINE GLEAVES
RIGHT GUARD.....	SUSAN STONE
LEFT FORWARD.....	VIRGINIA PAULETT
LEFT GUARD.....	RUTH WATTS
RIGHT-SIDE CENTER.....	LOCKETT WALTON
LEFT-SIDE CENTER.....	CORA BROOKING
CENTER.....	VIRGINIA TINSLEY
SUBSTITUTES.....	CARRIE HUNTER AND VIRGINIA NELSON

SONG: See the red team is on a bum, bum, bum,
 See the red team is on a bum, bum, bum,
 See the red team is on a bum, bum, bum,
 While the green team wins the cup.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory for the green team;
 Glory, glory for the green team;
 Glory, glory for the green team,
 As she goes playing on.

TOAST

Here's to the “greens” of naughty-eight,
 The champions of the school!
 Here's to the cups they won of late!
 At basket-ball they rule.





"THE SKIMMERS"

“The Skimmers” Tennis Club

MOTTO: “If you would be well served, serve yourself”

AIM: Over the Net

COLORS: Green and Red

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....VIRGINIA TINSLEY

MEMBERS

FLORRIE BATTEN
CLAIRE BURTON
GEORGIE CREEKMORE
PATTIE EPES
LUCY ELCAN
MAGGIE GILLIAM
VIRGINIA GARRISON
PAT HANNAH
AVA HASKINS
MABEL HURT
LAURA HOMES
ELEANOR JAMISON
JOSIE KELLY
VIRGINIA NELSON
MARY PAXTON
AILEEN POOLE
HATTIE PAULETT

ELLEN RIVES
MABEL READER
FLORENCE RAWLINGS
RUTH REDD
LUCY SEGAR
MARY H. SPENCER
BESSIE SPENCER
FRANCES SADDLER
KARLE SAVAGE
ETHEL SANDIDGE
MILDRED TUCKER
ELAINE TOMS
ANNE THOM
VIRGINIA TINSLEY
MATTIE WEST
HAPPY WILDER
IVA WILKERSON



"THE RACKET RAISERS"

The Racket Raisers

MOTTO: "Serve others as they serve you"

AIM: To have the net results good

COLORS: Pink and White

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT, MARY PERKINS

SECRETARY, ALINE GLEAVES

TREASURER, HELEN POTTS

MEMBERS

GLADYS BELL

MABEL MORAN

ESTELLE BINNS

ETHEL MILLS

MARY BLANCHARD

ELLIE NELSON

BERRIE BRUCE

KATHERINE PENNYBACKER

MARSHALL BUCKNER

MARY PERKINS

ADELE CARTER

HELEN POTTS

BLANCHE GENTRY

HARDINIA REDD

ALINE GLEAVES

JOSEPHINE REED

IDA HASSELL

LUCY ROBBINS

LELIA HATCHER

MAMIE ROWE

MARY HORNER

GERTRUDE ROSSON

LUCY HEATH

BLANCHE SHEPARD

LENA HODGES

SUSAN STONE

PATTIE MAUZY

MARJORIE THOMPSON

ELIZA MOORE

MARY TURPIN

MARY MOON

LUCY WARBURTON

BETTY WRIGHT



Skating Club

MOTTO: "Strike out with both feet, and get ahead"

COLORS: Black and Blue

MOST PREVALENT DISEASE: Dropsy

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: "It cuts no ice with me"

AIM: To read your footnotes

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....FLORENCE RAWLINGS
 SECRETARY.....MARY PERKINS
 TREASURER.....MAMIE JONES

MEMBERS

OLA ABBITT
 MARY BLANCHARD
 ANNA COLE
 MATTIE FRETWELL
 EVA WHITE

AVA HASKINS
 MAMIE JONES
 *ETHEL LA BOYTEAUX
 MARY PERKINS

FLORENCE RAWLINGS
 HARDINIA REDD
 MARY SPENCER
 BESSIE SPENCER
 BETTY WRIGHT

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS DUGGER

*MR. MATTOON

*DR. JONES

*Absent when picture was taken.



Archery Club

An ancient and honorable practice, by means of a bow; said to have been invented by a little blind boy named Cupid; often indulged in by men and maidens at college and elsewhere, with quivers and bows and bright, pointed arrows galore; with and without cupidity: bows are often dangerous, hence, a foolish occupation.

MOTTO: "String Your Own Bow"

AIM: To Make a Hit

COLOR: Red

OFFICERS

MRS. G. G. GOOCH.....	PRESIDENT
BLANCHE GENTRY.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
BSSIE EVERETT.....	SECRETARY
MARY STEPHENS.....	TREASURER
DR. JONES.....	MOVING SPIRIT

ARCHERS

CLAIRE BURTON
MARY SPENCER

VIRGINIA GARRISON
BETTY WRIGHT
FLORENCE RAWLINGS

MARY REED
MILDRED DAVIS

The Chatterbox



June, Nineteen Hundred and Eight

The Chatterbox

VOL. I—No. 1.^o

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, 1908

PRICELESS

THE GREAT STAMPEDE

Seniors Rise Up In Arms

Life of the Director Hangs in Balance

April 10. Never before in the history of the training school has been known a week of such intense excitement as the one just past. The iron gate that usually holds the Juniors within bounds was lifted, and the whole curiously inquiring class was allowed to observe unmolested within the regions of the dignified.

The confusion caused by this tidal wave of the impetuous Juniors has brought forth a thundering cry of defiance from the earnest Seniors, who have undergone great pangs of nervous excitement, causing well prepared lessons to be delivered in an angry, half-articulated undertone, with quivering gesticulations, and lightning glances towards the ruthless invaders.

The latest issue is a decree from Senior sovereignty threatening the

life of the Director of the Training School. The Training School Corporation is doing all in its power to defend the Director by a proclamation that henceforth none shall be permitted to enter the Training School until it be for actual service. There are still angry mutterings among the Seniors, however, and the outcome of the stampede is very uncertain.

"MERRY WIDOWS" ARRIVE

STREETS IN STATE OF BLOCKADE

Farmville, Va. (Special)

On Easter Sunday morning, at about 9.30, there appeared in the streets of Farmville a number of the most prodigious looking beings. At first the number was small, and there was only a feeling of friendly interest and wonder at their strange appearance. Soon, though, interest and wonder changed into alarm, for their number increased every minute, until, by 11 o'clock, there was a perfect throng

of the ungainly looking creatures. No one knows where they came from. They give no account of themselves, and none other name than the Merry Widows. No one knows why they came. They didn't seem to come with the idea of making friends—though, strange to say, they have made a large number—for without having the slightest consideration of time or place, they jostle one another unmercifully and walk completely over everybody else.

They are of such dimensions that it is impossible for two of them to walk comfortably abreast on the sidewalk. The churches are completely blockaded by them. The Methodists must have had a presentiment of this when they enlarged their church; it is ready just in time for them. The other churches, too, will have to be enlarged if the Merry Widows remain long, or our town will be demoralized.

It is feared that the poor men will lose their minds with grief, for, in many cases, these obstreperous Widows have come between husbands and their wives and thrust them far asunder.

There are some peculiar points about these beings. Without a single exception everyone feels herself quite above the finest lady in the land, and, strange to say, in spite of all their bad qualities, the best thinking ladies have, of their own accord, given them the most exalted positions.

It has always been a custom to asso-

ciate weeds with widows, but never with these Merry Widows. They would be highly indignant should anyone mention weeds in connection with them. They have flowers, though, in the greatest profusion. Some carry great bouquets tied by bolts of ribbon, while many wear huge wreaths.

The strangest thing of all about them is that some of them are feathered and have full-fledged wings. It is wildly hoped that all will sprout wings in time and take flight forever.

STRANGE BEINGS INFEST NORMAL SCHOOL

THREATEN TO BECOME A PLAGUE

(Special to the Chatterbox)

The Normal School has been a scene of much disturbance and confusion lately, owing to the continuous coming and going of numerous queer and strange folk. No restrictions are put upon them, for they are seen in the New Parlor, the President's office, the Faculty room, Mr. Cox's office,—even the sacredness of the Training School means nothing to them. They walk up and down this hall and march into the different grade-rooms with a remarkably important and self-satisfied air. The fact that the poor Senior, who is teaching, has not made a plan for her lesson does not bother them.

These strange beings hold long and apparently serious conversations with the President, the heads of the departments, and the Training School Supervisors, pointing, explaining and gesticulating madly in their wild endeavors to make clear—something!

The young ladies of this institution are furiously resentful over the way the invaders usurp their own peculiar rights. If the girls go to the President's office for a word of advice, a tinger of warning is raised and they are told that ONE of the host is within. They go to the Faculty room to wait their turn, when what a sight meets their gaze! Six, eight, even ten of these mysterious personages are within, each trying to get nearest the door of the President's office. The embarrassed girls turn and flee down the hall. In their haste they run recklessly into—a startled glance tells them,—another group of these unusual visitors!

The Seniors are left to fight their battles alone in the Training School, for the Supervisors must converse with these queer specimens.

There is no uniformity about the general appearance of this interesting company. Some are old, others young; a large number are tall, but some are short; most of them are men, a few are women.

There are a few features, however, that characterize them all: a fluent

tongue, a persuasive manner, a large leather case, and an armful of *Books!*

MAN'S HAND FRIGHTENS SENIORS

On Monday night, as usual, the dignified, intelligent Seniors held their class meeting in one of the lecture rooms on the lower floor. They were busily engaged in the discussion of things pertaining to Seniors and lost to everything else.

One of these dignified persons, glancing up, stopped in the midst of a sentence, rending the air with a blood-curdling shriek, for there, at one of the windows, appeared a man's hand. The owner of the hand seemed to be trying to gain an entrance.

Pandemonium reigned. Every one made a dash for the door. Each of the forty girls tried to scramble through at once. A few, more courageous than the rest, unable to get out, decided to investigate.

"Let's find the watchman," they shrieked in their fright. "Let's find the watchman."

"Ladies," came a voice from the direction of the dreadful window, "did you want to see me?" And there, along with the hand, appeared the rest of our faithful watchman busily "closing up" for the night.

A GREAT TREASURE FOUND ON THE CAMPUS

As the happy, laughing throng of girls passed down the walk on their evening promenade, one of their number was seen to break suddenly away and go dashing across the campus. Everybody stopped and gazed at the flying figure.

She paused, hesitated, looked about her, and, dropping on her knees, gathered up something in her hands. The crowd of joyous students flocked across the campus to their comrade. There she knelt with hands pressed closely to her breast.

"What is the matter?"

"Please tell us what it is," they cried.

But there was no answer. The girl was rocking back and forth, murmuring brokenly, "At last, at last, I have found you. I thought I should never see you. I have lived in hope of this day, and now I can die happy."

The girls looked at one another in amazement.

"What can be the matter?" they asked. One, more courageous than the rest, stepped forward and, touching the shoulder of the kneeling figure, said, "Please tell us what you have found, and what is the matter."

Looking up with happiness and delight shining in her eyes, the girl opened her little, white hands, and

there on her pretty pink palm reposed a bright, green blade of grass, the first on the campus.

GIRLS HORRIBLY FRIGHTENED

On April second several girls on the third floor of the main dormitory were badly frightened about 5 A. M. When they had retired the night before everything seemed as usual. With no warning of what was to come they slept soundly and sweetly, but they were suddenly awakened from pleasant dreams by the opening of their door.

The sight that greeted their eyes was the head and shoulders of some person. The person entered and, gliding softly to the bed, placed a hand on the shoulders of the frightened girls.

"What is the matter, and who is it?" they cried, trembling with fright.

"Get up, girls, get up," came the answer in muffled tones.

"Is the house on fire? What has happened?" asked one.

The figure again spoke, and the voice was that of the night matron.

"Don't be alarmed; the notice on your door reads to wake you at five."

Greatly relieved, but still trembling, the girls sat up in bed and exclaimed, "Oh! how you frightened us! We put no notice on our door."

"I don't know who put it there, but there it is," said the matron, and with this she left the room.

'THE CHATTERBOX'

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
(JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST EXCEPTED)

BY
THE ANNUAL STAFF
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

EDITOR.....Miss VIRGINIA STAFF
BUSINESS MGR. Miss VIRGINIA STAFF *Also*

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EDITORIAL

In this you behold the first issue of the "Chatterbox." We, the editors, await with breathless expectancy its effect upon the public.

We fear that our competitor, the Farmville *Herald*, will try to warn you against our paper. It will doubtless claim that such a life as we lead cannot possibly inspire a lively, vivacious paper. But be it known that ours is a life of stirring action, thrilling happenings and brilliant romances. As you see, the "Chatterbox" very graphically and entertainingly depicts this to you.

What more can we give you? What more can you ask?

WEATHER FORECAST

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Great rise of temperature, lowering clouds on all foreheads, a threatening

storm of tests.

Thursday. Violent storms in all regions. Many shocks.

Friday. Very warm excitement over "tickets" and probably an earthquake caused by the jumping up and down of those that pass and the stamping of feet of those that flunk.

Saturday. Mighty whirlwind which shall fill the air with hat boxes, old test papers, note books, old shoes and all manner of things which are rooted out at a final cleaning up.

Sunday. Clouds and sunshine.

Monday. Great pressure in regions where spooners are bidding each other farewell.

Tuesday. Sunshine for most part, with occasional showers of tears.

For Teachers after School — No more rain (reign) for three months.

For the Infirmary—A rapid decrease in temperature, followed by a sudden dispersion of all clouds hanging over that region.

For Household Department—The calm after the storm—with wreckage in its track.

For Graduates applying for positions—Hazy, uncertain, variable.

Y. W. C. A. ENTERTAINS SENIORS

On Friday afternoon, May 8, the Senior Class was delightfully entertained on a hay ride to Hampden-Sidney given by the Y. W. C. A.

At four thirty-five large wagons, each filled with as many dignified Seniors as could be packed in, together with a chaperon, pulled out. Until the wagons were clear out of sight, the yells and songs of the girls in their delight could be heard.

For a week past there had been much rain, and consequently the roads were rougher than usual, but this only added to the merriment. First, we were going at a rapid rate on a level stretch of ground and everyone almost bouncing over the sides of the wagons; next, the wagons were in deep holes and we were all thrown into one heap.

After an hour and a half of such riding, we arrived at Hampden-Sidney, just in front of the college. Then, everyone jumped out and began looking for a suitable place to eat the lunch which the Y. W. C. A. girls had brought along for us. Soon we were all gathered under a large tree and, of course, there was no trouble in securing aid in bringing the boxes from the wagons to the tree, because about a hundred of the college boys stood in readiness at our bidding.

As soon as lunch was over, it was time for us to start for home again. Everyone made a rush for her own wagon in order to be with the same congenial crowd as before. Then came the bouncing ride again over those rough roads. Every minute of the time on our way back was spent in singing and giving our yells.

At 9.00 o'clock we reached the dear old Normal again—bruised and much fatigued. As each Senior entered the front door, she was heard to say, "I have certainly had a grand time."

HOW TO GET RID OF "RATS"

Since using the following remedy, I have not been troubled by "Rats."

First, create a chilly atmosphere in the infested region, as Rats cannot stand cold. To do this one should be as freezingly polite as possible. Second, be as learned as possible when Rats are around. (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will help you to increase your vocabulary of lengthy words.) Being green themselves, Rats cannot endure a great amount of intelligence in anyone else. Third, keep all eatables hidden when Rats are in sight, for they are great spongers, and if they find nothing to eat, they will go elsewhere. Fourth, impress upon Rats the absolute necessity of having a musical education. Begin their training by making them learn the laundry list backwards to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home;" this, as a last resort, is guaranteed to get rid of the most persistently troublesome Rat.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

Ours is, indeed, a school excellent in every respect. One of its most

noticeable features is the scientific atmosphere which pervades it, especially on days when H_2S is being made in the laboratory.

Domestic Science has been inaugurated in a thoroughly scientific manner. None of your old-fashioned methods of learning to cook by cooking are employed; a little red book, profusely illustrated, will transform you, when you have mastered its contents from cover to cover, into a perfectly competent housewife. For instance, it gives you a neat diagram of a cow, all the various cuts of beef carefully marked off. You study this faithfully, until you can reproduce it with the book closed. Then, when on some fine morning you meet a cow on the road, you will know exactly what cut to take off and carry home for your husband's breakfast.

A valuable addition has lately been made to the field of science in the determination of the chief cause of lunacy. It is authentically stated that this dreaded disease results principally from the terrific brain work required in the endeavor to pass on Junior History.

There has been much wonder and speculation as to the reason for the dulcet strains that at times issue from a certain office. The answer has finally

been found: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast!"

At last a method has been discovered to encourage the growth of grass on the campus, and solicitous maidens may be seen driving sticks around each blade as it comes up, to insure its protection from all injury.

BILLY'S RETURN

The residence of Colonel Sawyer stood at the forks of the road, one of which led to the city of Daysonville, the other, to the town of Harper. Owing to the convenient situation of the house, and, to the old-time Virginia hospitality of the Colonel and his wife, it was used as a stopping-over place for his numerous friends and also for unknown travelers.

The Colonel's children numbered one son, of whom he was very proud, and three pretty but rather timid daughters. During the early part of the Colonel's married life, his younger brother also had lived with him and Mrs. Sawyer, at the old homestead. But upon one occasion the Colonel and his brother disagreed so seriously upon a certain matter, that the Colonel was forced to ask the young man to leave his house and never return.

Billy Sawyer had a hot temper and a very unpleasant disposition, and upon this occasion displayed both by

saying many unkind, disgraceful things, for which he was not forgiven by his brother.

Thus matters stood when the war broke out, and Colonel Sawyer and his son were compelled to leave home and join the army.

Mrs. Sawyer, who was very feeble, was kept indoors all the time. Her eyesight too, was nearly gone, so the management of affairs was thrust upon the shoulders of the three girls. They were young but not inexperienced, for Mrs. Sawyer had taught them to work, although they had all the luxuries for which they could wish. They did bravely and well whatever fell to their lot.

There was one thing, however, which they did not like to do, and that was to entertain strangers while the Colonel was away. They talked over the matter and agreed to turn away the next man who wanted to stay all night. Such a thing had never before been done in the Sawyer household, and the girls knew that it would displease the Colonel and Mrs. Sawyer, —but they need never know anything about it, decided the sisters.

When Billy Sawyer was dismissed from his brother's home he left the state and went South. He stayed there until the war broke out and then joined the Confederate army at Atlanta, Georgia. He was soon considered the bravest man in his company.

When the army was ordered to move northward into the Valley of Virginia, Billy went with it, glad to be once more upon the soil of his native state. The nearer he got to his old home the more he longed to see it. At one time the army marched within seven miles of it, and a great desire came into his heart to visit once more the loved scenes of his boyhood. He remembered the bitter quarrel with his brother, though, and banished his desire. But when the army returned to camp he found himself so homesick, that he asked permission to leave camp and go home on a visit.

As he drew near the house, he blushed for shame as he thought of the act which had driven him from such a happy home. He knew that the Colonel and his son were in the army. What would Mrs. Sawyer and the girls think of his return? After all, would it not look cowardly for him to return against his brother's wish, at a time when the Colonel was away? Billy thought over these things, but he was so homesick he could not stay away any longer. What should he do? In a moment his mind was made up. The girls were so young when he left that they could not possibly know him now. He had changed so much and Mrs. Sawyer's eyesight was so bad that she would hardly recognize him. He would tell them that he was Peter Askew, on his way to Daysonville, and wanted

to stay all night. When Florence met him at the door she meant to say "No," but her courage failed her as she thought of her father, who always

(Continued on page 102)

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

On Saturday evening, April 18, the Editor-in-Chief of the VIRGINIAN entertained—or intended to do so—the members of her staff at a very delightful Dutch treat egg hunt. The room was appropriately decorated in the staff colors—black and white and red (read) all over. The eggs were hidden in the closet. Miss Jessie Nidermaier presided very gracefully over the chafing dish. Everything was passing off beautifully until a sudden loud knock was heard at the door. The eggs, which had just been taken from their hiding place, were thrust quickly back out of sight, and the door was opened to admit a tribe of butt-in-skies, who prolonged their call of curiosity until the last bell rang, and the egg hunt had to be finished on another day.

A very attractive function of the season was the gymnastic exhibit, on May 12. One of the most charming features of this was the Topsy Dance, given by the Senior Class. This is the most remarkably indescribable

feat ever performed in the Normal School and deserves the due appreciation of all.

At a recent meeting of the Educational Seminar, Dr. Smith of Hampden-Sidney College, propounded a dissertation appertaining to the Psychology of Paranesia. The appreciative "Seminarians" effervesce in commendatory and overwhelming eulogies of the incomparable exhortation.

The State Normal School has lately instituted a course in dramatic art. The pursuers of this have already become expert playwrights, and have won world-wide fame, by their masterpiece, "The Lost Pleiad," a romantic comedy. This was played in Crewe on Thursday, April 30, which is positively its last appearance in America.

IT IS RUMORED—

That a new electric motor ice cream freezer has been bought, and that we are to have frozen dainties every week.

That the fence was erected to protect basket-ball players from the gaze of the public.

That the campus in front of the school is rapidly becoming a beautiful greensward.

That the barren mountains of the West Lawn will some day be grassy plains.

That a certain member of the faculty is wearing a solitaire.

That another girl has bought a wire rat.

That another Senior B has mumps.

That the Lynchburg Club is going to entertain itself some Friday night.

That the physiology classes are going to have a spelling match.

That Sallie Edwards has a new case.

That Alice Carter is going to join the Glee Club.

That Lucy Warburton has bought a bouquet for someone.

That our president is about to take steps toward getting ready to buy his commencement cigar.

That the Educational Gym. Class is to have a test.

That the Juniors are making preparations to entertain the Seniors.

That Ethel Sandidge is the most apt pupil in the Topsy Dance. (Why?)

That Mary Turpin fries ham in her chafing dish sometimes.

WELL TESTED RECIPES

A NEW GIRL.

To a homesick heart and a long face, add two wet eyes. Stir in a pound of confusion and a lump of fright the size of a promised hazing. Place in a bucket full of tears to soak for a week or more. Then take out and serve with a dash of salt.

A TRAINING SCHOOL TEACHER.

Take a big bundle of nerves. Cut into small pieces and work up with a sensitive temperament until it is the suitable consistency. Add a starched shirt waist, a high collar and two red ears. Then mix well with thirty or more children of any undesirable flavor and place on a platform for nine months to season. At the end of this time serve on the right kind of a ticket and you will get the hoped-for result.

A TRAINING SCHOOL BOY.

Take a hard head, three pounds of energy, ten ounces of mischief and forty questions. Beat in three grains of sense. Roast for an hour and a half after school and serve without sauce.

A STUDY HALL STUDENT.

Take a pound and a half of gad and mix thoroughly with a pound of thoughtlessness. Place out on the hall during study hour. Then add a piece of ill luck the size of a big sitting on, and take to a quiet room to settle. The next morning season with a lemon.

AN ALL-ROUND GOOD GIRL.

Take a girl with heart and hand ready for anything, add two pounds of brains, one-half pound of good humor, two pounds of common sense and one and one-half pounds of energy. Stir all together with a

pleasant manner. Season with a little ready wit and set over a steady fire of enthusiasm. When well done, garnish with an easy smile and serve on any occasion.

"BLACK BEAUTY"

A Book Review

[Written by the faculty of the State Normal School, compiled and edited by Mr. J. L. Jarman's private secretary.]

Among the books that attract the attention of the reading public, there is one which stands out both for its originality and charm. This is the composite romance, "Black Beauty." It was compiled and edited by Dr. J. L. Jarman with the valuable aid of his private secretary, who had the greatest difficulty in procuring the material from the various authors.

This book contains the inner history of the lives of those noble young women who have forsaken all—fame, riches, matrimony, to give their lives to teaching the children of future generations.

All their great mental achievements are recorded here as well as their additions to science and philosophy. All these are written in fiery characters of living blood. Besides, there are those deeds of nobility and honor, actions worthy of the highest womanhood; and these are recorded by a mighty pen dipped in ink as green as the ocean's depths.

But no failings are set down here. Have there been struggles and falls? Then forget them. Only triumphs are remembered here, and should one chance to find a blank page, oh, wasted life! It is easily inferred that the young lady to whom it was dedicated has never done anything worthy of recording.

This unparalleled work of literature and art has influenced the minds of the thinking world since the dark ages of the mystic past, but has never before deserved such prominent attention as it now receives. One may look into the future and see its popularity scarcely waning in the centuries to come. With such a record and with such prospects as these one may fittingly exclaim with Ben Jonson, "Not for an age but for all time."

MARY STEPHENS, '09.

POSITIVE DON'TS

Don't wear a hat when you go down the street. It destroys the careless look, and crushes the Mareel wave.

Don't tiptoe when you are in the library. It gives a sneaky appearance. Walk boldly and noisily on the heels.

Don't hurry to chapel in the mornings. The rush down the steps may cause heart trouble. Go slowly, even if you are five or ten minutes late.

Don't study during Study Hour. After a busy day the overtaxed brain

needs rest and amusement.

Don't fail to laugh long and loud in the dining room. A cheerful spirit aids digestion.

Don't neglect to visit from 7.20 to 9.45 p. m. Travel around from room to room, for travel broadens the mind. Don't fail to be careful while turning corners, to see that no one is in sight.

Don't hesitate to skip classes if you are crazy about a teacher and want to be her pupil next term. Rest assured she will encore you.

FASHIONS

For members of the Archery Club, it is correct in March to wear white suits with sandals, and no hats, provided a Beau is to be had. Hats are sometimes permissible, but only for protection from the sun, in which case they need not be worn, but carried in the hand while looking for game.

It is no longer fashionable to trim lingerie waists with lace and insertion, but handsome designs are worked out in fraternity, literary society, club, and sorority pins.

All shades of blue, from delicate baby blue to indigo, are very popular and are much worn by the Seniors.

The color green, too, seems to be a favorite with a certain class of girls, known as the Freshman Class.

The careless handling of "Rats,"

has resulted in many escapes on the streets. However, these pets are quite essential, and care should be taken not to allow them to suffer from exposure to the Marcel wave. The color scheme of gray and black appears to be more popular, while taffy color sometimes makes its appearance in the evenings.

THOUGHTFUL ANSWERS

Careful and Thoughtful Answers to Questions That Have Been Asked Us by Young Seekers for Knowledge.

Q. I am a teacher at S. N. S. and ask you how to keep the girls from appearing listless or going to sleep in my class room?

Ans. The training school supervisors give a very efficacious remedy. They say, "Make your lessons interesting."

Q. Please tell me how to keep my wire rat from showing through my hair?—Anxious Alice.

Ans. Use Dr. Winston's Hair Tonic.

Q. Please tell me how to keep from having measles and mumps?—Susceptible Sue.

Ans. Flee from the Normal School.

Q. Is it proper when down town to speak to a good-looking boy whom you haven't met?—Troubled Tcp.

Ans. It is quite permissible if you have no other way of getting cream at the café.

Q. My friend Mary has never been known to get to breakfast on time. What remedy can I apply without her knowledge?—O. L. A.

Ans. Drag her, at six o'clock, while still sleeping, to the bathroom and give her a cold shower. If this is not effective, turn on the hot water spigot.

Q. If on a summer night,
He and I were in a boat,
Would it be quite right
If cold, to accept his coat?
—G. N., E. W. and O. L. A.

Ans. If the chill it would relieve,
I should say, "Accept the sleeve."

Q. Please send me a good remedy for "rats."—Two-Year Old.

Ans. Doubtless you remember the remedy applied to you. Try it, with a dash of salt and a lemon.

Q. Why do not the girls attend church more regularly?—J. L. J.

Ans. It still remains one of the seven wonders of the world.

Q. Can you suggest some way in which I may look younger?—Puzzled Peggy.

Ans. Go back to your old style of plaited hair and large black bows. Also wear your skirts very short, as this is quite the rage in New York.

Q. If you should see a good-looking H.-S. boy on the street, should one speak to him, although he be a stranger?—Fluffy Ruffles.

Ans. Your question is difficult to answer, but after careful consideration, we have decided that should such an unheard-of thing happen, it would be perfectly permissible.

Q. I am a Senior and should like to know just what to do when I get my diploma. Should I bow, say, "Thank you," or do both?

Ans. Both will be most fitting to a Senior.

WANTED

Wanted—Our teachers to know that we fully and freely forgive them for all of the injuries which they have inflicted upon us during the past nine months.

Wanted—By the graduating class, bushels of flowers.

Wanted—By the State Normal School, a set of girls warranted against measles and other contagious diseases.

Wanted—By all students who have classes in the Science Hall, uncasing rain.

Wanted—By the Faculty, stories of romance every Monday morning.

Wanted—By E. R. H., a pair of stilts, in order that she may reach to the shoulders of N. T. B.

Grand Rummage Sale—Of all bi-monthly notes accumulated during the past nine months. Proceeds for the benefit of the Annual.

For Rent—By the students, our complete line of knowledge, which we find difficult to keep during the summer.

DECISIVE STEP TAKEN

Maiden Ladies Are to Take Advantage of
Leap Year. Bachelors Who Refuse
Are to Be Taxed for Support
of Old Maids

In the Cunningham Literary Society, on March 19, 1908, it was decided, once for all, that maiden ladies should take advantage of the privilege of leap year. This momentous question was settled in a heated debate, stated—"Resolved that all maiden ladies should take advantage of leap year and propose." Both sides argued long and loud, and the excitement that took possession of this wholly feminine audience was such as had never been known before. At last, the speeches were ended, the decision of the judges rendered, and the president stepped forth and announced that the question had been settled forever. Now, all maiden ladies might, with perfect propriety, take advantage of leap year and propose.

Still another step had to be taken, in order to provide for such maidens as would hesitate to propose for fear of a refusal. The Argus Literary Society then took up the question, and

provided for this difficulty by another heated debate in which it was decided that all old bachelors who refuse leap year proposals shall be taxed for the support of old maids.

Let the decree go forth: "There shall henceforth and forever be no more sorrowful old maids or worthless old bachelors."

FOUND

Found—By the Senior B Class, that our school-days are the happiest days of our lives.

Found—By one of the school girls, Mr. Cox in his office.

Found—A crop of hay on the campus.

Found—By Miss M., that S. N. S. girls like to talk, especially in chapel during the marching.

Found—By the night matron, on the second floor, two girls with light hair and blue eyes, wearing green and red kimonos. The "find" was promptly reported to the head of the home. (This is one incident when the culprits were rewarded instead of the finder.)

Found—In the biological laboratory and in the basement of the training school, two gentlemen's black felt hats. The owners will please claim these before next session.

Found—Girls who persist in cutting their gym. classes.

Found—Some girls who have developed such a fondness for Miss Reader that it is impossible to keep them from the study hall.

Found—At the Normal School this year, a large number of girls susceptible to all kinds of diseases.

Found—At 9.45 every night, a large number of girls who just can't sleep until they have said, "Good-night," to some perfectly darling girl.

LOST

Lost—During study hour from the third floor, two girls with light hair and blue eyes, wearing red and green

kimonos. Liberal reward offered for reporting them to the matron.

Lost—A hat belonging to the Nidermaier family. When last seen it was on the stairway in the White House. Finder please return at once, for it was a partnership hat.

Lost—From the picture editor's room, a photograph of a member of the faculty. Please return to room 159 at once, for the Annual must contain the picture of the Normal School's youngest professor.

Lost—The girlishness that once characterized the Normal School students. Some girls wearing their hair down their backs are wanted for next year.



BILLY'S RETURN

(Continued from p. 95)

entertained strangers as they were friends.

"Well—er, well—er, we don't—er generally—er—I guess we can keep you," she said.

Billy could not help smiling as he observed the girls doing their work so bravely and so willingly. He longed to help them, but, of course, as Peter Askew, he could not.

The frequent queer smiles on Billy's face, and the searching manner in which he examined everything in the house aroused suspicion on the part of the girls. They gave him the most remote room in the house, which, to Billy's delight, happened to be his old room. Even then they were not willing to go to sleep while a suspicious man was in the house. They must keep their mother ignorant of their fears. What were they to do? They could not leave, as she was too ill; they might get a neighbor to stay with them, but that would frighten her. At last, they decided to sit up all night.

When everything had grown still, they were startled by a loud noise from the distant room. They were greatly frightened but resolved to keep quiet a while longer.

When Billy entered his old room, he found everything just as he had left it,—the position of the furniture was not even changed. The tears

filled his eyes as he thought of the happy days that he had spent in that very room, and of the many unhappy hours he had spent since he had left it because of his own fault. He saw the old chest, in which he had kept his boyhood relics, sitting in the same old corner. He eagerly raised the lid, but his trembling hand let it fall with a loud crash. Once more he opened the chest, and found his old treasures just as he had left them years ago. But the thing that brought back the strongest memories of the pleasant old days was his gun, still resting on two hooks over the door. He took it down, held it lovingly for some time, turning it over, and looking at it with kindling eyes.

The girls heard the restless tramp of footsteps across the floor, and an occasional loud noise. Their terror increased every moment. Maria, who was the bravest of the three, said, at last, "I am going to peep through the keyhole and see what that man is doing."

While the others waited in breathless anxiety she stole cautiously to the stranger's door. She saw him standing near the center of the room holding the gun. The contents of her Uncle Billy's chest, which her father allowed no one to touch, were scattered about the floor. This frightened her more than ever. She tipped down stairs quickly and told her sisters what she had seen.

"Something must be done at once,"

she said. "I will load the revolver and stay here with mother while you two run after some of the neighbors."

In a short time, which seemed an age to Maria, the girls were back. The whole neighborhood had been aroused, and men and boys with guns were quickly surrounding the house.

It was getting late, and Billy decided that he would go to bed. He put the contents of the chest back into their places, and hung his old gun back on the wall. As he recrossed the floor he saw through the window a man with a gun standing under a tree in the yard. He waited a minute, and another appeared and then others. They seemd to be planning something. "The house is surrounded by robbers," thought he. He knew that he was the only man in the house and something must be done, so he took his gun down again, loaded it, and started down the stairs. He heard a girl shriek and run through the hall as he passed down the steps. He opened the door and started out, but was met by a man with a revolver.

"Halt!" cried the new comer.

"Halt, yourself!" shouted Billy.

Both men fired, and others ran up. Billy fought bravely, but the force of numbers overcame him. A bullet hit him in the side and he sank to the ground with a groan. The men rushed up to him and one of the old neighbors turned his face up to the moonlight.

"Great heavens!" he said, "it is Billy Sawyer!"

Billy heard his name called, and raised up to ask, "Is anybody hurt? I did what I could to save the house."

Then he sank back, fainting. He was carried into the house and everything possible was done to save his life. He recovered rapidly and planned to return to the army soon. One day, just before he intended to leave, about a half dozen Yankees appeared and demanded that the house be searched, threatening, if they were not allowed to do so, that they would kill every man, woman, and child on the place and burn the house.

Billy determined that the house should not be burned as long as he was alive. He fought more desperately than on the night when he was wounded by his old friends. He was beating back the enemy with force when he glanced down the road and saw some men in uniform galloping up. At first he thought they must be more Yankees, but presently he recognized the Confederate gray, and took fresh courage. At sight of the enemy the Yankees fled.

Captain Sawyer himself was one of the soldiers, and wondered who could be defending his house and wife and children so bravely. As he drew near and recognized his brother, he sprang from his horse and ran toward Billy with outstretched hands, crying, in a glad but husky voice,

"Welcome home, Billy!"

BERNICE HOWARD, '08.

PHILLIPS' CHICKEN SOUP

See what we have done for the College Girls.

A feather duster, made of carefully selected chicken feathers, waved over a boiler of water, and there you are!

Delicious if served Hot.

REMEMBER THE NAME:

PHILLIPS' CHICKEN SOUP

Appomattox Fountain of Youth

COOL AND PURE, DEFIES DRUGS!

Recent Analysis:

95% Unadulterated Water.

5% Sterilized Clay.

Farmville Water Supply Co.

(When writing, please mention the CHAT-
TERBOX.)

Mending and Cleaning Establishment

Clothes mended, after they are returned from the laundry, so that they can stand the wear and tear of college life.

Suits cleaned at moderate prices. We use nothing injurious to the cloth or the grease spots.

ALINE GLEAVES, Proprietor

Third Floor, White House.

SECOND HAND CLOTHING STORE

Clothes both borrowed and lendred. Special bargains on Friday and Sunday nights.

Shoes and Jewelry a Specialty.

HAVA ASKINS, Proprietor

Main Hall.

I Can Cure the Study Habit!

After trying all other remedies for years, I have at last succeeded in curing myself of this dread disease. Absolutely painless!

Write to-day if your room-mate suffers from this habit. Strictly confidential. Prove your friendship by helping those who suffer.

Dirt Wavidson, Secretary.

Study Hall Keely Cure

Normal School.

Are You Troubled With Cases?

Keep your eyes open; they come upon you suddenly. It is an insidious danger, and before you know it you are just crazy about your darling. Nip the bud in the head and take *Sallie Edwards' Case Cure*.

Sold everywhere! Special agents at

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SEARCH, THE FOTOGRAPHER

Search for beauty, grace, and a charming pose, and you will find them at

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Farmville's Famous Photographer.

DELIGHTFUL DENTIFRICE

Especially prepared for school girls. Preserves the teeth so that tough beef can be easily dented. Sample bottle free!

DR. PETER BREEZEROCK

(Next door to the post-office.)

Pluto Travels Around the World, Stopping at S. N. S.

PLUTO, growing tired of the dark and weary haunts of Hades, decided upon a prolonged journey around the world. One of the objects of this trip was to ascertain, to a certain degree, what percentage of the next generation he could hope to claim as his own, and whence they would come. Accordingly, accompanied by a large and awful band of uncanny and weird spirits, he made his way to the river Styx. At this point he gave orders as to the management of his affairs during his absence, leaving them in the hands of various skilled assistants. Then, in his final words, he promised to keep them informed as to his movements. The chief points of interest would be described in the columns of the "Infernal Gazette," which in turn would be stored away in the recesses of his fireproof vault. Many reports were sent in but of all that came the following seemed most interesting to the general public and most promising to the keeper of the gate:

"And finally I did land in a strange little place which my guide called Farnville, but for which I, speaking in the language of mine own land, could not find a fitting name. I was led up a narrow way which was called a street by my guide, yet he did seem to speak in a sarcastic vein. As I cautiously made my way along, I did spy, high upon a hill, a wonderful building of brick. I longed to enter its massive portals, but for a moment my attention was drawn by a howling issuing from one side, which did sound so familiar to my trained ears that I ran with much rapidity to see if some of the inhabitants of my beloved homeland had not escaped from their haunts during my absence.

"To my surprise I did not find my expected friends, but, instead, a vast horde of most unearthly-looking creatures clothed in strange garb. They did open and shut their mouths with marked rapidity, at which great volumes of sound did issue forth. I also noted that these various specimens wore angry and sour expressions, at which I shrank with much fear. At times they did run, upon a vacant plot of ground, and continually did grapple at a big ball which they did seem to throw at one another, but which, I was told, they aimed at most peculiar rims attached to long poles around which were wrapped flags of red and green. Constantly I heard the words, "Greens, greens, greens!" It seemed that they were talking about me, at which I was much

alarmed. Seeing my fears my guide addressed me in kind words and did say that these people in the baggy clothes played 'basket-ball,' a game which did make them strong. He also said that those who stood on each side and who raised such a disturbance, waving divers things in the air, did 'root' for their team. This term I did not understand. I left this spot, hoping truly that none of these bereft creatures would ever introduce into my homeland any such freak as this which they termed 'basket-ball,' yet I felt sure that some of them, in the long run, would certainly be joined to my unearthly band.

"At this point my guide led me around the building and into the front portals. I did like the inside of this place, as it was very beautiful. My eye, however, is always open for something peculiar, and this I found on looking above. Around the railing of what seemed to me the bottomless pit I saw most curious folks peeping over as if half-afraid. At this, a tall, erect lady would step forward, place her head on one side, and looking up would shake her finger at the unfortunates above, at which they would all scamper like rats.

"My guide then led me into what he called a class room, where a man sat before many young maidens and articulated most remarkably. He was markedly handsome, his peculiar attraction for me being the rapidity with which his lower jaw worked. What worried me particularly, however, was the large number of big words which issued forth, and which I did not understand. Looking around at the blank faces of all who sat near me, I was sure that they, too, were dazed.

"Having heard much to remind me of my dear Hades, I left here only to become more entangled, for I was led into a place where many, at the direction of one, were howling vociferously. Here I heard much about dear old "School Days," yet, judging from the countenances of those who screamed, they did not seem so happy. I did pity their sorrowful faces and did leave. Later I was told that this was music.

"I felt that I had found my own when I entered a long hall festooned with ropes and ladders and many other dangerous implements. Here again one seemed to preside over many. Everybody was scared and so was I. They did squirm through ladders and climb high upon ropes. This seemed so familiar that I did gaze in wonder. For fear that she would call upon me, I hurried out, having gained many new ideas as to how to make my own unfortunates suffer.

"Through various passages, and past many individuals, my guide led me on that memorable evening. The creatures called girls were queer and their arms seemed unusually long. I inquired into this, and my guide did say that

this was abnormal, caused by continually stretching these members around the necks of other beings like themselves. I did note then the peculiar habit all had of embracing in public. I was told when two continually remained in this position the same was called a 'case.' I did not like the sound of the word.

"Finally, he ushered me into a place which he called the library. Sitting around were maidens who held books in their hands. A little woman sat in the middle, looking here and there. Something seemed to displease her, for she repeatedly struck the desk with her pencil and frowned grimly. She looked at my feet with an icy stare and again struck the desk with her pencil. I was so confused at this marked attention paid to my feet that I fell. Again she struck her desk. I did scramble up upon my feet and did run.

"In the meantime I lost my guide, and since night was approaching I became much alarmed. Suddenly a great bell began to clang and everything seemed greatly confused. A tall woman with gray hair did appeal to my æsthetic taste. She did have fire in her eye and spoke in ringing tones. I stood and gazed as if held by magic. 'Watch out,' said one, 'you'll be sat upon!' Frightened, I ran, and in my endeavor to save my life dived toward what all called the 'well-hole,' only to be grabbed by the woman in gray. She looked daggers at me and I did shrink back in fear. She said that I did raise a disturbance and did mutter something about my going to 'Study Hall.' I said nothing, but meekly followed.

"She did lead me into a long apartment already filled with unfortunates like me. Over all presided a strange being, yet one who held a peculiar charm for me. This place reminded me more truly of home than any place I had entered yet. From one corner came sighs, from another groans, and from yet another, snores. All were alarmed at my entrance and the judge on the dais tried in vain to quell the disturbance. Some did recline on soft pillows, many did eat, and still others did moan. Many held books, but no one read. I did approach a moaning individual, at which she did only scream the louder. At this the sad-eyed creature at the desk did beckon to me and silently did lead me without. Here the tall lady in plaid did confront me once more, and did sentence me to the 'campus.' I did not know where this was, but so long as this gentle little creature remained near me I had no fear.

"Later I found out that 'campus' was a pretty name given to the walk which did outline a small grassless plot in front of this building of brick. I did learn to know and love it, and many were the experiences I had thereon.

"One morning I did enter a long hall filled with odd creatures. All was in confusion. On a raised dais sat many who did look sober and solemn. All

seemed disturbed at the howling coming up from below. One man did read from many slips of paper. Following this another man stepped forward, bringing a map at which he did look with much pride. His voice was most peculiar. He talked long, occasionally pointing toward his map. Unable to comprehend what he was saying, I was about to go, when a small lady did seat herself at the piano with much care, and did bring forth loud sounds. This seemed a signal for much laughing but suddenly the lady did look around angrily. Seeing her expression I rushed up to claim my own, but was held fast. Someone did speak of a 'lemon.' Now I had been at this place long enough to learn the significance of a lemon, so I did walk off much hurt. In the hallway I met the one so dear to my heart, the judge of 'Study Hall.' I told her in simple words about my sad fate and of my intentions to leave this place forever. She seemed sorry for me and her pity touched me, yet I could not linger.

"As I was making my way out of the campus I met a crowd of young maidens. They approached me and with tears in their eyes did plead with me to give them an 'ad' for their Annual. This was more than I could stand and throwing my luggage aside, I did run for my life, vowing deep in my heart that never again would I approach such a den of confusion, and to this day at recollection of my life spent there, my Hades has ever been a haven of bliss."

MABEL WOODSON, '09.





Fraternities

doe H. Watkins



ra kâia diwkwuer

Kappa Delta Sorority

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha—State Normal School, Va.

Gamma—Hollins Institute, Va.

Delta—College for Women, S. C.

Zeta—University of Alabama.

Iota—Caldwell College, Ky.

Lambda—Northwestern University, Ill.

Phi Psi—Fairmount Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Theta—Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Va.

Sigma—Gunston Institute, Washington, D. C.

Phi Delta—St. Mary's School, N. C.

Rho Omega Phi—Judson College, Ala.

Kappa Alpha—Florida College for Women.

Omicron—Wesleyan University, Ill.

Alumna—Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Alumnæ—Charlotte and Concord.

Kappa Delta Sorority

Founded at the State Normal School in 1897

COLORS: Olive Green and White

FLOWER: White Rose

OFFICIAL ORGAN: "Angelos"

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MEMBERS

GORDON BASKERVILL
ISABELLE FLOURNOY
LOUISE FORD
ALICE GRANDY
VIRGINIA GARRISON
JOSIE KELLY
EMILY LEWELLING

LELIA ROBERTSON
LULA SUTHERLIN
ELAINE TOMS
ANNE THOM
MARY WALLER
MARY WATKINS
BESSIE MURRAY





1000

1000

Sigma Sigma Sigma

ROLL OF CHAPTERS

Alpha—State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia

Beta—Lewisburg Institute, Lewisburg, West Virginia

Gamma—Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Virginia

Delta—University of Nashville, Nashville, Tennessee

Epsilon—Hollins Institute, Hollins, Virginia

Alpha Delta—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas

INACTIVE CHAPTERS

Eta—Searcy Institute, Searcy, Arkansas

Theta—Women's College, Frederick, Maryland

ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

Alumnæ Association, Hampton, Virginia

Alumnæ Association, Lewisburg, West Virginia

Sigma Sigma Sigma

Founded 1898
Chartered 1903

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ANNIE LANCASTER	EVA WHITE
RUTH KIZER	CARRIE HUNTER
CATHERINE TAYLOR	ELLIE NELSON
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MILDRED RICHARDSON	ELIZABETH STOKES

SORORES IN FACULTATE

NATALIE LANCASTER
HELEN BLACKISTON





— 5 — RELAT

Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority

FLOWER: White Carnation

COLORS: Crimson and Silver

OFFICIAL ORGAN: "Hellenic News"

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha—State Normal School, Virginia.

Beta—Woman's College, West Virginia.

Gamma—College for Women, South Carolina

Delta—Mary Baldwin Seminary, Virginia.

Sigma Alumnae—East Radford, Virginia.

Eta—Ward Seminary, Tennessee.

Zeta—Chevy Chase College, Washington, D. C.

Alpha Alumnae—Farmville, Virginia.

Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority

Founded 1901

Chartered 1903

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LUCY IRVING ELCAN
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CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY



Cunningham Literary Society

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: White Carnation

MOTTO: "Carpe diem"

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E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.

Argus Literary Society

Organized November, 1903

Chartered December, 1904

Motto: "To See the Better"

COLORS: Olive Green and Gray

FLOWERS: White Rose and Smilax

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In Memoriam

CARRIE LEE JORDAN

DIED

FEBRUARY 12, 1908



THE GUDON STAFF

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RUTH REDD

BEVERLY ANDREWS
LITERARY EDITOR

GRACE BEALE
Y. W. C. A. AND ALUMNAE EDITOR
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MARGARET DAVIS
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BUSINESS MANAGERS

BLANCHE GENTRY
EXCHANGE EDITOR

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MOTTO: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

PURPOSE: The purpose of the Association is the development of Christian character in its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of the institution.

WORK OF THE YEAR

Number of members.....	443
Number of committees.....	10
Number of members on committees.....	95
Number of missionary meetings held.....	9
Number of devotional meetings held.....	30

The regular weekly meetings of the Y. W. C. A. are held in the Auditorium every Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock.

Short prayer-meetings are conducted by the students every Wednesday night, at 6:30.

A morning prayer circle is held daily at 7:15.



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AID FUND COMMITTEE

MISS MINNIE V. RICE, CHAIRMAN

FINANCE COMMITTEE

MISS LULA O. ANDREWS, CHAIRMAN

THE OBJECTS OF THIS ASSOCIATION ARE:

FIRST

To found and maintain, by means of annual dues, gifts from outside sources, and otherwise, an aid fund designed to help young women of fine mind and character who are eager for an education, but are unable to attend school.

SECOND

To conduct an educational bureau which seeks to place, free of charge, members of the League and graduates of the school in communication with county superintendents and school officials wishing trustworthy, well trained teachers for their schools.

STATISTICS

Present capital, \$2,013.20.

Number of beneficiaries in ten years, 28.

Organized during the session of 1898-'99.



and



zations



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Glee Club

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LENA GILLIAM	BESSIE SPENCER
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KATHLEEN BALDWIN	MARY SPENCER
MARTHA BLANTON	GRAHAM TRENT
MARY PERKINS	BETTY WRIGHT

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KYLE DAVIS	RUTH REDD
MAGGIE GILLIAM	MOLLIE MAUZY
KATHERINE PENNYBACKER	

SECOND ALTOS

WIRT DAVIDSON	HELEN STEED
MILDRED DAVIS	MYRTLE GRENELS



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Lynchburg Club

MOTTO: As long as the train runs down the track,
We'll be true to the red and black.

COLORS: Red and Black

FLOWER: Red Carnation

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GERMAN CLUB



German Club

COLORS: Red and White

FLOWER: American Beauty

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 RHODA SHOCKEY
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*AZULAH CLARK.....	Weldon, N. C.
VIVIAN GWALTNEY.....	Surry, Va.
IDA HASSELL.....	Newport News, Va.
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GERTRUDE ROSSON.....	Louisa, Va.
RUTH SHEPARD.....	Buckingham, Va.
EMILY WARD.....	Norfolk, Va.

*Died March 4, 1908.

†Absent when picture was taken.



Hassell



Lane



Gwaltney



Rosson



Binns



Shepard



Ward



Tam O'Shanter Club

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WIRT DAVIDSON
MILDRED DAVIS

BLANCHE GENTRY
KATHERINE PERRY
MARY STEPHENS

*MARGARET WHITE

*Died May 26, 1908.



IMPS

Katherine Baldwin

Geraldine Fitzgerald

Mary Gwaltney

Virginia Paulette

Julia May Paulette

Bessie Paulette

Aileen Poole

Lucy Grey Seger

Georgie Sinclair

Rhoda Shockey



Kodak Club

<i>Name</i>	<i>Alias</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Chief Characteristic</i>	<i>Greatest Need</i>	<i>Marriage Prospects</i>
Manye Morris Rowe.....	"Rhondo"....	"You don't mean it!"	Going to Greece.....	It's a mathematical problem.	Still all (Wright)
Florrie Marshall Batten..	"Wooley"....	"Blooming idiot!"....	Rising with the breakfast bell.	A letter from W.....	Not yet, but soon
Mary Wallace Blanchard..	"Caboose"....	"My name is Sam"....	Loafing.....	A correct timepiece.....	Improving since Xmas
Mary Henley Spencer....	"Hezzie"....	"For pity's sake"....	Talking to B—.....	A case.....	Hopeful
Marshall Lee Buckner....	"Res—a"....	"Cut to the quick"....	Gassing.....	A "chicken" coop.....	He still looks this way
Nancy Gray Garrow.....	"Snowbird"....	"Cut it out".....	Fussing.....	A beau.....	Diminishing

Motto: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever

COLOR: Blue (when the sun doesn't shine)

FAVORITE PLACE FOR SNAP SHOTS: Among the hills



Leap Year Fishing Club

MOTTO: "Keep your line taut (taught)"

FLOWER: Dandelion

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EMILY WARD

BETTY WRIGHT

HONORARY MEMBER

MR. MATTOON



NIGHT AFTER STAFF ELECTION-MARCH 5TH



HARD AT WORK - APRIL 10TH



THE EMBARRASSING CRISIS - MAY 6TH



"NOTHING TO DO NELLIE DARLING" MAY 7TH, 8TH, 9TH ETC



With Cap and Bells

We have original answers in our Geography class, to say the least.

Sadie—"The principal occupation of the people of Austria is gathering ostrich feathers."

Ethel—"Ireland is called the Emigrant Isle because it is so beautiful and green."

The brightness of the Civil Government class is very encouraging:

Curle—"The first conscientious congress met in Philadelphia."

Mattie—"The constitution of the United States was adopted in order to secure domestic hostility."

Some rather queer definitions were found in an examination on mathematics:

"Paralll lines are lines that can never meet until they come together."

"Things that are equal to each other are equal to anything else."

"A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

EVA AND HER UNCLE.

Eva, in want of twenty-five dollars, wrote to her uncle as follows:

"DEAR UNCLE TOM—If you could see how I blush for shame, while I

am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few dollars, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I send you this by a messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle,

Your most obedient and affectionate,

“EVA.”

“P. S.—Overcome with shame, for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that this may get lost.”

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied:

“MY DEAR EVA—Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter.

“Your affectionate uncle,

TOM.”

Secretary—(Matriculating a new student)—“When were you born?”

Rat—“Twenty-eighth of May.”

Secretary—“What year?”

Rat—“I don’t know, but I can write home and ask mamma.”

Mary—“O Julia, do have an orange!”

Julia—“No, thanks, I have just eaten three tambourines.”

History Teacher—“What can you tell of Charles II?”

Pupil—“Well—er—didn’t he die after a while?”

Old Girl—“Say, did you know that Maggie G. was drowned last night?”

New Girl—“No, did she fall in the Appomattox?”

Old Girl—“No, indeed, she was drowned in her Marcel wave.”

Seventh Grade Pupil (after a lesson on gender of nouns)—“What is an abbess?”

Teacher—“An abbess is the wife of an abbot.”

Miss C. (Examining record of Senior)—“Why did you not take this work in Junior B?”

Senior—“When we had our schedules made out, I had a confliction there and could not get it in.”

Fourth Grade Pupil—"How am I to find the number of square feet in the room?"

Teacher (El-z-b-th H-yn-s)—"To find the number of square feet in any room, multiply the room by the number of feet and the product will be the result."

STUPID CLASS.

Ida—"Why does Miss Gw-n always use a hatpin as a plaything?"

Emily—"That the girls may see the point."

PROPOSALS

A POET'S

Oh, be my happy, golden beam,
And nestle in my heart;
And live with me, as in a dream,
A dream that ne'er shall part.

A FARMER'S

O darling dear, a fruitful vine,
Oh, will you marry me?
And help me feed the cows and swine
And churn the butter free?

A CHEMIST'S

Oh, be to me as oxygen,
To me will you unite?
For I will be the hydrogen—
One kiss will us ignite.

A BLACKSMITH'S

O lovely maid, we are as iron,
Waiting the fire's heat;
Oh, let us weld to anvil chimes,
Under the hammer's beat.

A YOUNG AUTHOR'S

O heroine of my bleeding heart,
Will you elope with me?
No villain fierce can rend apart,
If we united be.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

An intelligent foreigner is said to have expressed himself after the following fashion, on the absurdities of the English language: When I discovered that if I was quick, I was fast, if I spent too freely, I was fast, and not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged: but when I came across the sentence, "The first one won one one-dollar prize," I was tempted to give up English and learn some other language.

Joseph J.—“Papa, did Solomon have seven hundred wives?”

Dr. J.—“I believe he did, my son.”

Joseph—“Well, he was the man who said, ‘Give me liberty or give me death,’ wasn’t he?”

“Why do you always know when Ola Abbitt is coming?”

“Because she always carries A. Bell.”

Professor of History—“Do you know why William III of England was liked so much by the Dutch?”

Class—(Silence).

Professor—“Why, because he was an Orange, of course.”

C. B-r-t-n (To Sunday School class)—“I read in a paper of some naughty boys who cut off a cat’s tail. Can any of you tell me why it is wrong to do such a thing?”

Willie—“ ‘Cause the Bible says, What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.”

Manye—“Heaven lies about us in our infancy,

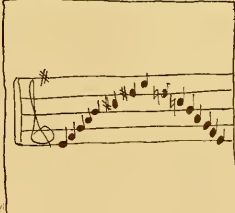
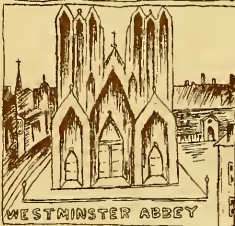
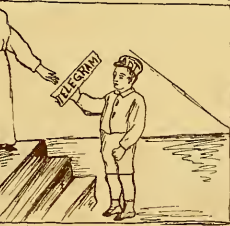
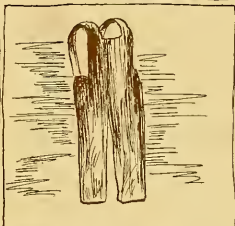
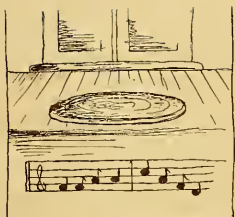
And this world lies about us when we are grown up.”

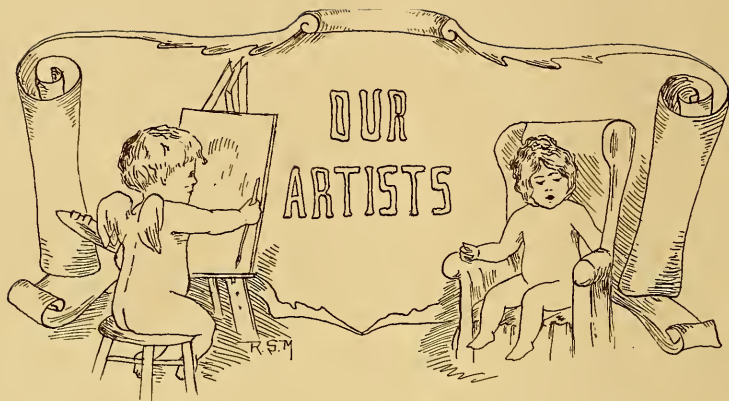
Mr. M-tt-n—“All that a man hath, will he give to his wife.”

SONG OF THE INFIRMARY

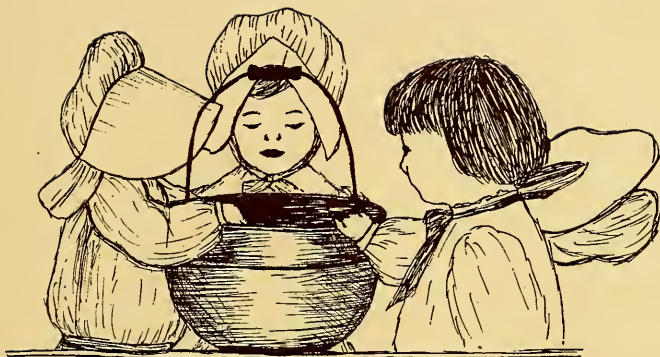
Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight;
Give me the nose that I breathed through last night.
Bring back the smeller that two days ago
Knew not the torture of continual blow.
Wipe from my lips the moisture of sneeze,
Put wooden splints on my poor, weakened knees.
Rub my red nose as you oft have before,
For the skin is all off and oh! it’s so sore.

Backward, flow backward, oh, mist of the eyes,
I am so tired. This disease I despise.
Tired out with mopping, coughing, and sneezing;
Weary from handkerchiefs, constantly seizing.
I have grown weary from snuffle and snuff,
Of this horrid black medicine, I’ve quite enough.
Write home to mother,
And—oh, there’s another!—
Then let me sleep:
I have the measles.





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JOEL H. WATKINS
MRS. LUCKIN BUGG
MOLLIE MAUZY
RICHIE McCRAW
SALLIE FITZGERALD
MARY DUPUY
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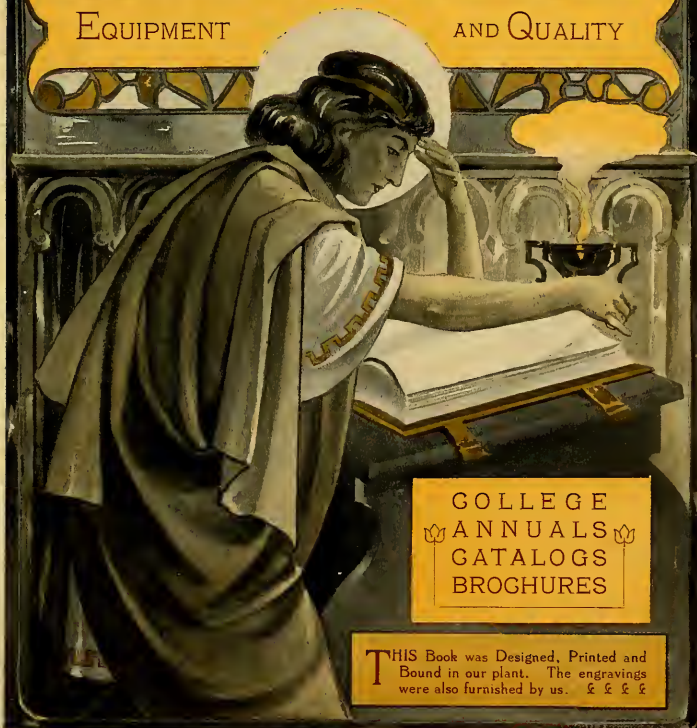
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